

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. II.—No. 1. [E. V. WILSON.] ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1875. [LOMBARD, ILL.] WHOLE No. 27.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter!
Our dust may slumber in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt its gathering round—
We have heard its voice of living thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed. But see the work they have wrought,
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom!
How the live lightning of their thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful;
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords
To waken at the name of "Brother!"
'Tis coming when these scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside, thou world-wide curse, called King!
The people's step is quicker, stronger!
There's a divinity within
That makes men great where'er they will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
And, though doomed millions feed the graves,
Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
The world will not forever bow
To things that mock God's own endeavor!
'Tis nearer than we wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full statured, grow far seeing!
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey—
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered, with our best blood crusted!
Room for the men of Mind! Make way,
Ye Robber Rulers! pause no longer!
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on—the light grows stronger—
The People's Advent's coming!

For the Spiritualist at Work.

LETTERS ON SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR: I send for publication the following letters, viz., one from my brother against it, and my answer to him in its favor. I do not wish to publish ourselves before the world through any desire to be heard and seen, but I do it to advance the cause of Wisdom and Truth. Not because I fear my brother will sink into an endless hell if he should go to the Spirit world an unbeliever in what I believe to be the truth; I know such will not be the case. But I know that the ignorance that clouds the minds of tens of thousands of brothers, sisters, fathers, and mothers over the land, is terrible: and in hopes that some may see themselves represented in these letters, and that they may at least cease to malign and misrepresent Spiritualism until they inform themselves to some degree as to what it is, and how much its philosophy affects them in this life, and how much more intimately it will affect them in the life beyond the mystic river, called death.

This is my apology, and I hope it will be acceptable to you and all who may feel an in-

terest in the great cause of Truth. I have not given references to prove the alleged facts, but I know that if evidence is called for, it will come in such positive form and with sufficient force to satisfy any unprejudiced mind of the truth of each fact or positive statement made.

[As a prelude to these letters I should say I mailed the *Spiritual Magazine* to my brother, which did not reach him, and made a few passing remarks in favor of Spiritualism, which called forth the following letter.]

LETTER FROM JAMES.

GOLD HILL, NEV., April 20, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER: You seem to think that Spiritualism is going to do great things for the family of mankind. I should think it was nearly time for it to commence and do some little good, some one little thing as a sample, before we begin to extol too high. To be sure it has enabled quite a number of women to make a living in a lazy way, and a great lot of swindlers have had a good time, lying and swindling the community out of money enough to live upon, instead of working honestly for it. But the first particle of real good to the human family in general, arising from Spiritualism, I have been unable to see; but perhaps it is only on account of my limited vision that I have not been able to see through the thick darkness of this age and behold the bright light of Spiritualism.

I think if there is anything in it worthy of notice mankind has failed so far to discover any means by which it can be made useful. And as to it giving us any information about another world, or what our relations are with other worlds, I think we might as well buy a three-cent telescope and survey the moon for information. That is, at the present time, with man's (blissful) ignorance of things that exist.

ANSWER FROM SAMUEL.

WILMINGTON, June 16, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Your favor of April 20th was received duly, and I was glad, as I always am, to hear from you.

As I previously promised to reply to that part of your letter which refers so severely to Spiritualism, I have now taken up my pen to fulfill the promise. You hit the nail squarely on the head when you say, "Perhaps it is only on account of my limited vision that I have not been able to see through the thick darkness of this age and behold the bright light of Spiritualism."

Yes, Brother, that is it, and millions of our race are in the same kind of Spiritual darkness, and consequently in chains, though they know it not. In utter Spiritual darkness, and the fashionable religious teaching of the day is well calculated to extend and perpetuate that darkness, until the dark age is again brought upon mankind. What evidence have the popular churches to offer of man's immortality? Scarcely anything; and all that they have is positively in favor of, and goes to prove Spiritualism to be a great truth.

Now you and I were born, reared, and educated to go to Hicksite Friends' meeting, but up to the time of my leaving home, at sixteen years of age, I do not remember to have heard the doctrines and principles of the Society ever taught to us in such a way that we could un-

derstand them, unless it was by obliging us to go to meeting even when it was very distasteful; and to read the Bible at home (a book that needs revising), and put our faith in Providence. But what all these things meant, in science enlightened by reason, we knew nothing. And I am sorry to say, the mass of the birth-right members (another mistake their infallible guide made) have been permitted to grow up as we were, without understanding the grand principles underlying (now very deep) the teachings of the Fathers of the Society.

I have frequently asked members of the Society, What do you mean by Providence? What is the "inward light"? What does the gift of the Spirit mean? What do we understand by the Spirit, by which the early Quakers professed to be led and directed? And I have found them often dumb and silent on these great questions, upon which the Society rests; and upon its great principles it has gone to sleep. And if any one attempted to explain these things, they resorted to the light and philosophy of Spiritualism to do it.

And Spiritualism simply means the investigation of the science of Spirit. Then Spirit is a light that enlightens the dark recesses of the soul of man. And if light and knowledge, wisdom and truth, have any value, then Spiritualism has the same value, for it reveals them. Knowledge is of infinite value, and there is more wisdom to be gained on the great question of man's spiritual nature by studying its A B C one day, than by studying Orthodoxy one year; then it is 364 times better than Orthodoxy.

Then has it done no good? Oh, my brother, if you could see the mountains of darkness that have been removed from the oppressed spirits of mankind, you would never ask again "what good thing has it ever accomplished?" If you could see the bitter tears of woe that it has dried up, and the smiles of bright angels given in the place thereof, you would thank Heaven that so grand a revelation had been given to mortals. If you could get half the thanks, and see a glimmer of the ample gratitude which daily goes up to the Heavens from the thousands whose souls are emancipated from Spiritual darkness and materialistic doubts by its grand train of evidence, you would certainly feel sufficiently grateful to acknowledge that superstition and ignorance are terrible afflictions, and say Bless the Lord for a light, even the light of Spiritualism, which can dispel such thick darkness.

Although this scroll should stretch around the world and I could write it full, I would fail to tell the half when done. If I should span the heavens at a glance, and count the blessed there, I would still have but told a tithe. I must take up the throne of God and question him before I could scarce the work begin, for He is its author, its father, and its guide.

And all that man can learn of his capacity to do good has its moving principle in spirit. All religions and all Bibles are from it, and it is able to explain them all; I mean the Bibles of the different nations of the earth; and one great truth it teaches is that they are all of equal value in the sight of God. Man's highest happiness can only be revealed by a faithful adherence to its mighty truths.

Is truth of any value? Certainly! Then Spiritualism is of great value, for it reveals it constantly. I have to thank it for many truths that have come to me, that I could not receive by any other means. Then, has it done no good?

Reflect for a moment upon this question! From what source comes your most reliable consolation, that comfort upon which your soul can rest as though it rested upon God? Does it not come from your most inward sense, from your spirit? If so, then you have to thank Spiritualism for the grandest and greatest blessing you have, and still you did not know it. And I merely write these words that you and others may have something to think of; not only while you tarry in this outward and tangible world, but after we are both transported by angel hands through the gates of transformation, and landed in the bright and beautiful Spirit land.

And should you never seek for the truth or error of what I say, so that either may become a settled conviction in your mind while you remain in this realm of life, these thoughts will greatly assist you in the broad realm of Spirit life, upon which we will both enter in a few years at most, and then these things will be more clear and beautiful to us. We will find a Spirit world made of spirit matter, just as tangible to spirits as the matter of this world is tangible to us here. Such is my firm and reasonable belief. We will meet our parents and friends there, who will take us by the hand and invite us to tarry for a time in their beautiful, beautiful Spirit home.

Can you realize that these things are half true? Perhaps not. I can realize how hard it is for a person to understand the different tunes of music who has no organ of "tune" or "time." And I can understand how hard it would be for a person to understand Spiritual things who had no organ of "Spirituality" (phenologically speaking). But when you honestly seek for the truth of these things, and their philosophy, you will find the evidence too massive to cast aside by a wave of the hand, and a pshaw, nonsense!

Take the Bibles of all nations, though they are not authority of themselves for anything they say, they only recite the evidence of dead witnesses, yet they are very valuable to prove what is yet now to have been seen and done by those witnesses while they lived, and consequently greatly assist to hold and prove certain things true.

They say, for instance, the spirits of the dead did appear to the living, that spirits performed many wonderful things, a hand was seen by King Belshazzar to write on the wall, etc. You say, what do I know about that? Oh, nothing; only this, and nothing more. Spirits of the dead are seen by people now, hands are seen to write, and writing is done by unseen hands without physical contact, and these things done to-day are strong evidence that so much of the Bibles are true. And the light of Spiritualism has taught me these things to be great truths, and I defy mankind to successfully refute them.

And as truth is of the greatest value, and Spiritualism reveals truth, then it is invaluable. And not only do the Bibles testify in proof

of its truth, but all sects and divisions of religionists have recorded accounts of the identical same things being done by their own people that are now daily occurring. Will you attempt to deny that *two* hosts of witnesses, the living and the dead, prove nothing! You cannot reject a proposition that is so self-evident.

Again, the Christian Bible tells us these signs shall follow them that believe, viz., they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover, the eyes of the blind shall be made to see, the lame to walk, and the deaf to hear, by spirit power. Now the Christians have gone after false gods, because these Spiritual gifts do not follow them; but these gifts are given to Spiritualists, and they *do* heal the sick by spirit power; and the false Christians do persecute and falsify them for doing the very identical works that their Bible says Christian believers would do.

Is it a good thing to do these great and benevolent works, and confer health upon our sick and distressed brothers and sisters? Then these are a mite of what this science of religion, this detestable thing called Spiritualism, is constantly doing. May God and his angels push on the "liars and swindlers" who do such good things. And if you could realize the gratitude and soul-stirring praise given to these abused workers for the good of the race, you would never ask again to see one good thing that Spiritualism has done! No, your sneering would be turned to praying, and your scoffing to praise. For your eyes would be opened and you would then be able to see "the bright and glorious light of Spiritualism."

Another fact. Quakerism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, and Catholicism are only different manifestations of the Spirit to mankind, and thus express different phases of Spiritism. Spiritualism is only a form of the old philosophy of angelic guides, and these spirit guides are able to lead us out of danger, they are able to protect us from loss and suffering, mental and physical, they are able to save our homes from fire, they are able to protect us from a thousand dangers. They are able to prescribe medicines and cure many cases where the best educated doctors utterly fail; they have saved many from disasters by sea and land.

These are facts, and living witnesses can be produced to prove all I have said, and yet the half is not told.

Instead of asking again what good has Spiritism done, turn to Christianity and ask what good it has done, by the oceans of innocent human blood it has poured upon the earth, by the millions of lives it has sacrificed to a false and blood-thirsty God? and your question will be pertinent, and deeply interesting to all humanity.

You complain of deceivers, who go under the name of Spiritualists. I grant it is a pitiful fact, but who taught them the trick? Why, Christians, and they get their authority from their Bible. (See 1 Kings xxii: 21, 22.) But these are not Spiritualists. We do not believe in lying nor murdering for Christ's sake. We teach that every one will suffer for their evil deeds, but Christians teach that we shall not suffer for our evil deeds, but Christ will suffer for us, and nearly all Spiritualists got their education from Christians, so they are to blame for teaching that we shall not suffer, if we do defraud our fellow men. But I am sure every one will be obliged to pay the penalty for every wrong done, either on the earth or in the Spirit world.

Remember, the errors of Christianity are 1800 years old, whereas the great principles and truths of our gospel are only 27 years old, and Christianity ought to know better. It is proof that there is good gold when some fraud makes a counterfeit; so it is proof there are good Spiritualists when you see people go to the trouble to counterfeit them. All frauds are a great misfortune, and Spiritualism will teach people the laws of life and universal compensation for every word, act, and deed, and then persecution for conscience sake and for God's sake will cease, and mankind will know better than to persecute the prophets, and kill the best friends of humanity, as they have done.

Seek the truth, my brother, for its value is above rubies and gold.

Knowledge, economy, and labor are virtues of a civilized man; they form the most durable basis of society, and the surest spring of individual welfare. Riches consequently are the fruit of knowledge, economy, and labor.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

LETTER FROM R. WALKER.

DEAR BRO. WILSON: I thank you for the notice you took of my letter of March 15th, and for the kind remarks you made of it in No. 18 of your paper. You may recollect that I remarked that, from the knowledge I had of your past life, you should never have been called a lecherous person; but I thought you were too liberal to one who had proved themselves such, and from your remarks on that subject, you took it for granted that I had reference to Mrs. Woodhull, or some of her abettors, which was the case, and it included a man with a boasted large brain, and in a loving manner you brought forward the example of Jesus, to show that we should not condemn or cast stones at anyone.

Now, far be it from me to do either, and I will tell you why. I believe that the Great Life of all things, in whom we all live and move, and who is in every one of us, governs all things by an immutable law, and that he makes no mistakes; therefore, whatever is right. Every person will act out the ruling power or the God within him; thus, the murderer will murder, he knows not why, and I believe that God loves the murderer as well as he loves me, and I would not condemn but would pity him. But if a murderer should publicly advocate that the universal practice of promiscuous murdering would greatly enhance the happiness and well-being of society, I would say to Bro. Wilson (if need be), "Don't have so much charity or be so liberal to his doctrine as to hold up a free platform for him to promulgate such doctrine on, for if so, you would be considered his abettor."

Now I have said I believe everything is laid out in wisdom and governed by law, and I further believe that the ultimate of all will have a good effect, according to divine wisdom. The murderer not having got rid of his antenatal savage disposition, is permitted to murder that humanity may see its sorrowful effects and labor to do it away, and inculcate better principles in the world, so that our State governments should be ashamed to murder publicly on the gallows.

I believe that the free love doctrine, so-called, as advocated by Mrs. Woodhull and practiced by Moses Hull, was instituted by divine wisdom to show to the enlightened minds the extreme licentiousness of mankind, that he has attained to by long self-indulgence, so that it is ante-natal, and far exceeds all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air; for, when we look into God's great book of nature, we see that there is no beast or bird that will allow the approach of the male but for the purpose of gestation. Now has not Mrs. Woodhull recommended to school-girls a different course from this?

No doubt these persons are honest in their belief and practice, even Moses Hull, and as he has made a martyr of himself, according to his express desire and is now suffering pecuniary privations on that account, he should be pitied and not stoned. And yet, cannot any sensible man see that he is deceived, especially when he has publicly stated that his large, active brain, measuring twenty-three and seven-eighths inches, required promiscuous sexual indulgence, aside from one wife; and as that measurement is larger than any healthy man's brain living will measure, except it is measured down over the organ of amativeness, any person who understands Phrenology can see that when Moses describes his feelings, when he would take hold of the hand of a lady (as he has), that it was the action of the organ of amativeness that he took to be the law of God that should be obeyed, and thus he repudiates all marriages civilly, by which it can be known in society *who is who*, or any person know who their father is, and advocates that children begotten by such love unions should be taken as public property, and brought up by the State.

Now I ask are such doctrines germane to Spiritualism, any more than the doctrine promulgating murder? Why not let them stand on a platform of their own, and use free speech as they please, and we will throw no stones?

Well, you say you are neither of the Woodhull, nor of the parties that went out; *nor am I*. But went out from what? I presume Bro. Wilson has reference to that self-styled organization of American Spiritualists of which Mrs. Woodhull was president, and he knows that the great mass of Spiritualists in the United States are utterly opposed to any separate organization, and that the number of members in that organization would be less than one to

a hundred of the great mass, nine-tenths of whom repudiate the Moses-Woodhull doctrine. So Mrs. Woodhull is welcome to all the victory she has gained over true Spiritualists.

Thus I have hastily written the foregoing that you may see where I stand. Of course it is not written for publication, yet you are at liberty to make any remarks upon it, or to do with it as you please. I hope soon to be able to send you something better, which I shall want you to publish, as it will relate to my knowledge of the benefits of the monogamic marriage. Yours, RICHARD WALKER.

Hopedale, Mass., April 22, 1875.

REMARKS.—We choose to publish your letter in full; we like it for its frankness, but consider your logic as sophistical. It is decidedly paradoxical, and you are more liberal than we are. We do not believe that "whatever is right," nor do we believe that there was any need for the letter confessing adultery, written by Mr. Hull and published by Mrs. Woodhull, and from the moment that Mrs. W. announced her specialty we have been opposed to her course. And yet we have refused to throw stones at this woman, and our whole offense in this matter is, not in our advocacy of a free platform, but in our positive refusal to throw dirt at Mr. Hull, Alvira Hull, and Mrs. Woodhull.

We stated long ago, that those bitter yet able articles that appeared in the Woodhull & Claflin paper, such as the Brooklyn scandal, etc., were not written by Mrs. Woodhull, and yet she was being glorified for ability like unto a God, for repeating or publishing as her own that which was written by another. (See S. Pearl Andrews' testimony in the Brooklyn trial.) Messrs. Treat and Hume, once editors of Mrs. Woodhull's paper, both inform us that Mrs. W. wrote very few editorials for her paper, and we have other evidence of what we write.

If the views you advance in your letter are sound, then Hull, Woodhull, and the murderer are right, for what they have said and done "is," and if your declaration of "whatever is right," then they are right, you are right, we are right, the murderer is right. May we ask right here, where are we going to find anything or anyone that is wrong, or has done wrong? No, no, my dear old brother, there is error, untruth, falsehood in the world, and it must be eradicated. It would have been better had offense never been, but now that offense is with us we must reform it; hence the arrest by the authority of the law, and punishment. But does the law oblige us to destroy? We hold not.

If, as you write, Moses Hull "was acting out the God within him" and compelled to write, say, and do what he has, is he to blame? Certainly not, from your standpoint.

Bro. Walker, there is a standard of right, a standard on which all may plant themselves and demand protection. That standard belongs to the whole, the great majority, and must be respected. There is truth in your letter, but the premises are wrong. If we admit your position, we deny the principles of reform; and if you affirm and we deny, and have the majority and will to shut you off from discussion, either in convention or through the press, you gain in the long run and we lose; but by opening the door for discussion, by meeting error fearlessly and overthrowing it, taking care of those in error and seeking to reform them, we not only benefit the evil-doer but advance the general welfare of humanity. Hence, we would not hang the murderer, for that would deprive him of his opportunity for reform; but we would confine him to certain localities, with limits to his liberty, and educate him to a better life.

And now we ask, how can this be done, if we refuse him the right to be heard in his cause? Here is the extent of our position in regard to a free platform. We love the truth, and the truth has made us free, and this freedom has cost us dearly; cut off from the millions whom we were wont to commune with, shut out of the press by the will of one, who preaches reform and knows it not, denied the right to be heard by those we had granted a hearing, we stood alone in the breach, taking the whole brunt of the storm upon our shoulders. The battle has been a long one, and has cost us dear, and yet the victory is ours. The old-time friendship is returning, calls for our services are freely coming in, and we stand just where we were when this uncalled-for attack was made, with this addition to our side, we have defend-

ed all, fought for all, held our stronghold—the free platform where all may be heard, the wrong righted, the evil-doer taught a better way.

Let us hear from you on the joys and pleasures of the family compact, and any other reform subject you choose to write upon; only condense, keep each article within one hundred lines, or seven hundred words. Give us the truth, it is all we ask.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SPIRIT OR MATTER.

A GENTLE CORRECTION TO THE REPLY OF DR. C. D. GRIMES TO FATHER SHERMAN.

BY M. L. SHERMAN, M. D.

IN THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK of July 17, the Doctor commences his reply by saying, "Spirit and matter," as though there was a difference in the substance of the two words. I use the term, spirit or matter, meaning that spirit is matter, and matter is only an aggregation of spirit entities, the same in substance; spirit being matter etherialized or diffused. In this we partially agree.

The Doctor asks, "Is not the question of the priority or paternity of either spirit or matter too mighty for us?" For myself, I answer, no. I contend that I have an undoubted right to make all inquiries and push the subject to its farthest extent, with regard to my priority, or that of my father or great-grandfather, or any other father in the broad universe. I have long since cut loose from the rock-bound shores of old theology, and steered my bark alone amid the contending elements of old ocean's depths. Perfect love for the universal equal development of every atom of spirit or matter has cast all fear from me.

You seem to doubt the propriety of one atom being as potent as another, and say "that behind all atoms and molecules there exists the fountain of all forces, namely, the great positive and universal mind." We seem nearly to agree that matter and spirit are identically the same, but when you claim the God power, or positive mind that lies back of all atoms, we do not agree. I cannot see how you get your God power or spirit behind the great primitive sea of atoms, and how he, being composed of matter, and all matter co-eternal and co-extensive with him, as you admit. You forget to tell us, my brother, "how this God matter or spirit came in possession of the force under the direction of intelligence for polarizing, attracting, and repelling, compelling us to bow," etc. Why not each atom have power inherent within itself to start its own machinery and put itself in motion, as well as to be eternally a slave to some outside God influence?

"If God is spirit or matter," and matter and spirit are co-eternal as well as co-extensive, that is, equal in power and wisdom, why not let each atom perform its own work, and not cast all the burden upon one great positive mind? I affirm that every atom of which the universe is composed, eternally has, and eternally will have, power to put itself in motion, for life is motion and has eternally existed in some form. The medium Jesus, some 1800 years ago, had power to lay down his life and power to take it up again. So have I the same power, and have done so every day since I commenced to develop life in this sphere; I also have power to continue my existence, from the fact that there is no death, eternal life admits of no beginning, consequently can have no ending. I shall ever be developing through experiences, yet ever the same entity.

With all due kindness for your youthful proclivities, I hide you gently, my son, and respectfully wait your answer.

Adrian, Mich., July 23d.

SPIRIT LETTER, No. 5.

April 24, 1871.

MY DEAR PA: You cannot think how much I have learned since I first came to you—sorrow and trouble and danger and fear. I did not know what the words meant, but I know now. I have seen women, helpless and hopeless, and little children in their arms, starving to death, and the poor mothers mourn and weep for their darlings, and do not seem to know they are happier up here, in the beautiful garden of God, transplanted to grow forever. Oh, if people would only think how near to them God is always, if they would only try to see how right, instead of how wrong, everything is, they could be so much happier. But Ma says the work we have to do is to teach them the way to think. That is what we are

allowed to return here for, to teach people the right way and help them to walk in it.

Four score years is such a little time; why can't they help each other, and be good? That is what puzzles me. And then the strange, mysterious airs they put on down there when they talk about religion, and the sounding tone when they read that poor old much-abused and misunderstood book they call the Bible. Why, when Ma first told me about men worshipping God I knew what she meant, and I said, "Of course, everything worships him, for he is life, and light, and love, and truth"; but soon she began to tell me how they worship him. I could not understand it, so she took me to a place they called a house of worship. I found a little child through whose sensitive eyes and brain I could become cognisant of the material surroundings, and what do you suppose they were doing for worship? Why, bending every joint in their bodies, and trying to get into the most uncomfortable position possible; then closing their eyes, and mumbling and muttering in a strange way. I laughed and laughed, and the little girl had her ears pinched because I could not help laughing at the funny way they had of trying to get at God. But it taught me how much we have to do, and how much need there is of our loving care and kindness. So we plan and hope and work together, trying not to destroy the old idols, but to present new ones, so much more beautiful and attractive that people will be glad to leave the old and seek the new, and so come nearer to God by coming nearer to each other.

Natty says he knew all about these things long ago. Nothing troubles him; he is happy all the time. I think Kate (sister) is happy now, too, only she is never quite sure that Natty is with her, and she don't even know when Ma comes. But it is all coming right, soon, Pa, you and I know how it is. We are willing to wait and work, and try to help them all.

Your loving ARLAKEN.

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.

THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The Parkersburg *Journal* publishes in full the remarks made by Thomas Hornbrook, Esq., at Washington Hall, a few Sundays ago, with the following preface:

As Thomas Hornbrook, Esq., of Wheeling, has been pretty freely blessed and cursed for the speech he delivered at the great Temperance meeting in that city on the 15th ult., at the request of a great many who wish to see and judge for themselves, we give the speech below. Mr. Hornbrook, we may add, never does anything by halves, is emphatically a live man, somewhat impulsive, but energetic, thorough and honest.

LADIES—I come before you this afternoon with a great deal of timidity. I ask for your sympathy and your prayers to sustain me in whatever facts I may present before you. Some of you, however, have promised me your sympathies and prayers, and may God aid you.

I have lived in this city fifty-four or five years next September. I am just about the age of sixty. I commenced business when I was quite young, and by thrift and economy, perseverance and energy, I might say that I have earned somewhat of a competency. When my thoughts carry me back forty-five or fifty years ago—and our old residence still stands there—when I feel that our family has been stricken by this monster, I am able to speak on this subject. But few of you present knew my father. However, I had a kind, faithful mother, God bless her.

About thirty-four or five years ago I engaged in the temperance cause. Wm. P. Wilson, of North Wheeling (God bless his soul, I hope he is in Heaven) was the President of the only temperance society in this city, and I was Secretary. He was the wheel-horse in the cause, I was only the Shetland pony by his side. We labored, we held meetings, I was full of life and activity and energy. He was a man older than I, and full of thought and vim, which most of you know.

Ladies, what have you met here for this afternoon? I am here at this present moment to plead for the rum-seller, to plead for the distiller, to plead for the drunkard, to plead for God and humanity. Will that suit you, Mr. Barnitz?

Mr. Barnitz—Yes, sir.

Mr. Hornbrook—Ladies, I am not used to speaking in public. My feelings sometimes get the control of me. Give me time and I will get through.

What have I to say in behalf of the rum-seller? What have I to say in behalf of the distillers? What have I to say for suffering humanity? I have been smitten by the plague. What have I to say in behalf of Christianity? What have I to say in behalf of the rum-seller in your midst and belonging to some one or other of the religious denominations of your churches in the city? What have I to say in behalf of the members of the church who rent their houses for such business? What have I to say in behalf of the rum drinkers who be-

long to the churches in your city? What have I to say in behalf of some members of your churches and congregations here that keep their demijohns and kegs by their side or in the cellar? Oh, I have visited all classes in society, all kinds of business men. I know it nearly all, ladies and gentlemen. Where are we to expect the moral element of this community? Where are we to look for it? Is it inside the church or outside? Inasmuch as I am outside the church I am ready to plead for my fellow creatures who are outside, and I come here to plead in their behalf. It is supposed those that belong to the church need no pleading for. Oh, yes, they do. And one of our sisters indicated last evening in the church that the beginning of a temperance reform must be in the family; that they must give up brandy in mince pies, that they must give up their glass of beer after dinner? Oh, how could they do that! She said they must purify their own households before they could commence on outsiders. Oh, may God purify the church from the damnable curse of intemperance which rests upon it at this time.

Gentlemen in high standing that sell liquors at wholesale; gentlemen that manufacture it; gentlemen that deal in it in a retail way; gentlemen that drink it, many of them belong to your churches of different denominations this day. If the shoe fits, you may wear it, gentlemen, if you are within the sound of my voice. I don't want to be harsh, I don't want to be unkind, nor to have it thought that I am taking too many liberties.

I have this cause at heart. Let me be in the rear rather than in the front: let me be behind to consult with friends and to urge them onward, to offer a prayer in quietude and peace, if a man's prayer outside the church is worth anything. Why, ladies, the rum-sellers, many of them are kind, good-hearted, civil, pleasant, gentlemanly men; because there are men in these denominations that I know and many that you know that use to deal in the article. They are respectable men in society, ready to aid in the noble cause, ready to lift up their prayers in our behalf. So soon as they found out it was not the right business—that they were not engaged in the right traffic—they got out of it, and some of them through the importunities of friends moving like still waters. These men that sell rum or lager beer—many of them I said were good-hearted, clever men, and I do know if they are approached in a proper, kind-hearted, loving, prayerful way, they will be conquered; but ladies you must go forward with prayers. I believe in prayer. I believe in a prayer-answering God that is on high. Oh, those prayers, ladies should be lifted on high to Him that notices the very sparrow of the field. These men, many of them, are really, at this time, knowingly to myself, disgusted with the business. Many of them wish to sell out. A noble specimen with a great deal of dignity was in consultation with me only a week or two ago. He is apparently a perfect specimen of manhood. That gentleman named to me that he wanted to get out of the business. O, says I, beware of the stock in hand, beware of the dollars and cents invested. Look out for your spring trade. "Oh, I feel its effects already, Mr. Hornbrook. Our orders do not come in from Ohio so rapidly as they did. And," says he, "I have so many thousands and thousands of dollars at stake." Get out of it as quick as you can or the women will be after you. I only speak of an individual or two. But I only say this: that I do know that some of our best citizens in this city have been engaged in the business, and they are of the best citizens at this present time, many of them may be engaged in it at the present moment. They want kind words and pleasant conversation and prayerful importunities. Beseech them in behalf of their little sons, in behalf of their wives, in behalf of their neighbors, in view of the result of this cursed, infernal, degrading work that brings a man down, even the strongest of them. These distillers, many of them are not bad men. O, approach them with kindness and civility. Present your noble cause, present suffering humanity. They will lend by degrees a listening ear. Whether the ladies are going to determine on what steps or what they will do in this business I am unable to tell. I am not here to direct them immediately.

And may He who rules the universe, who inspires all thoughts, inspire their hearts with this prayerful thought of love and goodness of intention toward the saving of humanity from its degradation. Methinks their prayers will be heard. Ladies and gentlemen, we need your prayers to accomplish the end. Ladies, it seems as though this last Rebellion was put down with men and money, and it does seem to me from reading the papers very studiously this last three weeks or so, that there is a momentous subject before you. It seems as though the handwriting was being written fresh on the wall, as the ladies have resolved to go into the work and put down this accursed thing called intemperance where the men cannot do it. The men have tried and tampered with it for scores and scores of years, but it seems that by prayer, by work, by faithfulness, by purity of intention, by earnest souls working in the cause, the ladies will bring it to its end. I hope as your meeting may progress that you will be directed by a spirit from on high, and that the angelic element will take possession of your better nature and lead you onward judiciously and fully in the right road. For me to come up here and undertake to talk to you on temperance after you have heard the eloquent ladies who preceded me, is perfectly preposterous, but I am a man among

you. I am a business man. I am still with you, but I fear the early years, and the severe labors I took upon me in business to make money have taxed me beyond my age with cares, perplexities and troubles of this world. I have felt the past fall and winter as though my body was failing, but my mind and thoughts are active. I cannot be with you long at the longest, but I want to lift my voice once more against this accursed influence. Ladies, lift your voices in prayer. Let ministers of the gospel raise their voices more fervently and direct their speeches more acutely to their hearers against this accursed vice. Let them come up pointedly to the work, and not go, as it is commonly called, all around Robin Hood's barn, to get to it. Mr. Barnitz, (turning to that gentleman), I do not know what you are doing in your church. I suppose I need not care. I do not visit the churches now-a-days. And why? They have preached me outside, and I am here to plead for humanity that lives outside of the church. Oh, let them have your sympathies. Give your aid and encouragement to those who are in this degrading business, to help them come out of it. A business that leads both body and soul to destruction. By this infernal traffic they are degrading the angelic element that emanated from God, and unfitting it for death and for Heaven. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Where shall the church people go? What mansion will they take? What mansion will they select in my Father's house, unless they purify their robes and keep their own skirts clean?

Another party I did not speak of in the outset. Some are disposed to condemn my friend Clarkson, of the *Sunday News*. You be very careful of that. Though he is one of my outside party, he means right, when you touch him at the bottom of his heart, and I feel that I know it.

Ladies and gentlemen, I go beyond the present movement. I am a perfect prohibitionist, who would prohibit the importing of every drop of spiritous or malt liquor that can be imported, and would go in for prohibition of every ounce of alcoholic drinks that could be manufactured. I would enact laws that the punishment should be heavy, even to imprisonment for life. Ladies, some place this temperance cause must begin anew, and it seems from the appearance of the skies as though it was in your hands, and whether you will press forward in this work remains to be told.

If you are earnest in this work—if you will only go forward with the determination to accomplish it in the sight of God, you will have assistance.

As the audience has been crowded, and many standing patiently for the last hour or two, I will not detain you longer. At some future time I may bring up other arguments, or substantiate what I have said, but I presume what I have said is sufficient, and I will only say, may the blessing of the Almighty Father inspire the women of our city and country to go forward in their duty toward God and toward saving humanity.

Let me add, before taking my seat, that a few friends with myself have made arrangements for this hall for your use, ladies, the next thirty days, day and night, with the exception, perhaps, of one evening. You can make your arrangements by calling on Mr. Bliss, the janitor, and can get any information desired by consulting myself and other friends.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

BROTHER CHURCH: If you can detach your mind from the relations existing between polecats, stinkweed, dead fish, old logs, manure, and the odor of skunks, and onions, etc., etc., long enough to define your position on the question at issue, the relations between cause and effect, the visible and invisible, you will confer a favor, as you are undoubtedly better qualified to give instruction on the subjects to which you refer than I am. The only direct reference you have made to the subject at issue is in asserting that no mortal ever saw the thinking principle within, *external*; never. I had supposed I had seen several extracts from Brother Church's thinking principle made visible on paper, and that, in conversation between individuals the mind of each became external in its transit to the other. But this must be a weakness to which I am subject, if Brother Church is correct, and, on that ground, probably excusable. When you can sever the connection between your head and your body, and have each act independent of the other, as A. B. Church, you can sever mind from matter, positive from negative, or spiritual from material worlds and beings. Till then, never. Each are derived from the other, and mutually dependent.

To bring this subject within the comprehension of *extra-ordinary* intellects, I assert, and challenge refutation, that spirit and material worlds are the positive and negative sides of the same circle, and this is fully illustrated in the telegraph circuit. That spiritual beings, whether men or mice, are on the positive side of the same circle they occupied when here. That, from spirit to matter, is just as natural and necessary, in the production and evolution of species, as from matter to spirit, and as

our planet is embraced in the orbits of numerous others, there must be at least as many grades of being above as below us, and as all below are represented in us, including granite rocks and steel, if you please, it seems a legitimate conclusion that we shall be represented in all above us. Don't think we are to pass an endless eternity on the spirit world of this little planet. The idea of one general spirit world for all material worlds, is a gross mistake, if Nature's teachings are reliable. The same law that brought us from lower transfers us to higher conditions of being, both material and spiritual, than this world ever produced, however weak and unconstructive the idea may seem. Now, friend Church, every material world has a corresponding spirit world, and there are as many grades of worlds as there are grades of beings in their products. And again, I repeat; that material and spirit world are the positive and negative sides of the same circle, and each derived from the other, while a residence on each constitutes one plane of existence, and the evidence is in the simple fact that the visible and invisible are constantly changing places. Refute this, by referring to any one thing visible that is not convertible into invisible conditions, or was not derived from them, and I will own my deductions are all bosh, and weak at that. Is there anything ambiguous in this proposition?

Yours, as ever, TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y.

We give place for this letter in our columns, for it speaks only part of the truth:

CHICAGO, July 20, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—*My Dear Brother*: Can you supply me with 20 to 25 copies of Vol. I, No. 24 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to distribute among the lovers of truth, virtue, and general reform, at Des Moines, Iowa?

My object is to disabuse the minds of our old friends and co-workers of that place, on the status of "E. V. Wilson," and especially with regard to the social question, and his views on "Marriage and Divorce."

While he was heard through the frontier department of the *R.-P. Journal*, that paper was at a premium; and he occupied an enviable position in the minds of its patrons; but when that department of the *Journal* was withdrawn and misrepresentation used as a mirror of E. V. Wilson, the minds of many of the readers of that once fondly-cherished paper were thereby seriously and wilfully poisoned.

By some, the *Journal* was abandoned; by others, tolerated, because it contained "Roses among thorns"—some remedial agency, as a sugar-coat for the poison.

E. V. Wilson, being the chief founder of Spiritualism in that city; having removed the dark veil of priestly subserviency; to him, more than all others, the hundreds of full-fledged Spiritualists, together with a host of honest investigators, yet within the credal bonds of Protestantism in Des Moines, owe a debt of gratitude for their mental liberation from the shackles of religious intolerance. Shall we not therefore introduce THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, that the poison of the *R.-P. Journal* may meet an antidote, and the good material of that noble city be brought into requisition, and re-inspired with the true principles of our good cause.

Fraternally, J. K. MARSH.

From Wheeling Intelligencer, Oct. 6, 1874.

WEDDING BOUQUETS.

Three magnificent bouquets in Mr. Thomas Hornbrook's rooms were the center of attraction to quite a number of floral amateurs yesterday afternoon.

They are the largest we have seen this season, and the flowers were selected from the choicest specimens of Mr. Hornbrook's numerous varieties.

The largest was composed entirely of magnificent tuberose, nearly one hundred stems in full bloom, in the very fullness of their beauty and fragrance. This bouquet stood about three feet in height, and was surrounded by a wreath of smilax.

The other two bouquets were almost equal in size to the first, and were composed of lily-pot bouquet, dahlias, gladiolus, salva, tritomas, red, white and purple dahlias, and Japanese honey-suckles. The floral pyramids were crowned with most beautiful specimens of the coxcomb, and the vases were set among coleus or foliage plants of the richest and most varied hues. The immense floral collection, the beauty of which words cannot paint, was selected and arranged by Mr. Hornbrook personally, and was a gift to his friend, Dr. J. W. Bates, and its beauty and fragrance intended to crown the elegancies of his tables on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, which took place last evening.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

Terms—\$1.10 for Twenty-six numbers.
Single copies 5 cents.

Do not fail to read our call for renewal and pre-payment for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. We want three thousand dollars to publish three thousand copies of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for one year, every two weeks. Let three thousand of our readers send us one dollar and ten cents each, and our work goes bravely on.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is complete. Twenty-six numbers form the volume. And this is No. One of Vol. Two. With this number we close accounts with every subscriber who is in arrears, and hereafter one number of the paper will be sent after the time of subscription expires. Then the paper will stop coming.

Really the undertaking has been a success, and we have realized all we anticipated; and yet we are in debt for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, but would not be if those who signed for our paper before we published it, will remit us our just dues. We have treated you well, we have worked hard, late and early, we need your help. The ten million Spiritualists and Liberalists in the United States need THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Come, then, pay up that which you owe us, that we may pay the printer.

You that subscribed for our paper before we published it, send us \$2.20; you that subscribed subsequently, send us \$1.10. Do not pass by this friendly call. We need the money, we need your help. Come, then, to our help. Pay up arrearages and renew for Vol. 2. Terms, one dollar and ten cents for twenty-six numbers.

SUICIDE.

TOLEDO, OHIO, July 29.—This morning at about 9 o'clock, Dr. Paschal Beverly Randolph, who claimed to be a nephew of John Randolph, of Virginia, and the author of "Preadamite Man," and a large number of physiological, spiritual, and theological works, and the founder of the sect known as Rosicrucians, who believe that all power comes through love, that love is akin to godliness, and through it God is reached, miracles performed, the future unveiled, etc., shot himself through the head and died instantly. Randolph had been on a drunken spree for several days, and was morbidly jealous of his wife. He was about 50 years of age, a ripe scholar, and had traveled all over the world, but was a lunatic as to religious matters.—*Special Telegram to Chicago Times.*

So ends the life of P. B. Randolph. We knew him well; first made his acquaintance in Boston in 1858. His life has been a remarkable one, full of events, of ups and downs; today, in rags, drunk, and bitter; yesterday, a gentleman in appearance, with pockets full of greenbacks. He was the child of impulses. If he fell into the hands of Churchmen, he was a Christian, prayed and preached loud, long and as well as the best of them. If he fell into the hands of positive Spiritualists he would recant his Christianity, and throw his written sermon into the air, pass under influence of mind and spirit, and thunder in eloquent argument for Spiritualism.

Poor Randolph, he was the living plaything for spirits; he was the doll of demons and angels, the human child of influences. We have seen him, within the hour allotted him for a speech, as eloquent as a Paul, as radical as a Woodhull, as conservative as an Edwards, as savage as a tiger, as gentle as a lamb, weeping and laughing, wildly, loud and long. Was he, is he, to blame? Could he do otherwise? Was he in the bonds of Fate? In him we have an example of a man of great expectations, full of generous impulses, wondrous in ability, elo-

quent in the use of language, inspired at times with lofty soul thoughts; self-made man or spirit-man, in whose veins flowed the blood of Africa, Asia, Europe, and America; a child of miscegenation. "God made him so," and will he damn him?

And where is he to-day? We answer, a wild, erratic, immortal soul, full of all that moved him, in hate, in love, in spleen, falsehood, and truth. On some, he will wreak revenge, others he will fold in the influence of love. There as here, he will be Paschal Beverly Randolph. We shall hear from him; as an immortal, he will not rest. Let us remember him as the child of influences, one of the wonders of the age. Randolph lives. He is gone out of the old house into a new one, we trust of better material than the old. May the angels succeed with him as a spirit, for as a man, socially, he failed, they failed, or God failed—which? Who can tell?

NO. 1, VOL. 2.

This number commences Vol. Two of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and we now wish to have a plain talk with our subscribers, and we want you to read what we have to say, and read it carefully and to ponder well that which you read.

On the 1st day of July, 1874, No. 1 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK appeared. It was a sixteen page paper, full of rich, rare thought. We were then associated with D. M. Bennett, of the *Truth-Seeker*; together we published three numbers, sixteen pages each, then the paper suspended. This was in August, 1874. In September we went to New York and published No. 4, eight pages. On the 5th of October, 1874, No. 5 appeared from the publishing house of Hazlitt & Reed, 172 & 174 Clark street, Chicago. From that date to the present our paper has appeared as regular as clock work, every two weeks. We have kept our promise with our subscribers and given them a good readable Spiritual paper.

We were ordered by the leaders of three orders or circles of spirits to establish and publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. The first band termed themselves the Circle of Light, whose leader gave his name as John. The second band called themselves the Progressive Band of Workers. The third band, the Spiritual Workers. And when the paper was determined on we asked for a name for it, and it was given in these words: "Brother, you will call this child of ours THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK." Hence our name.

We have had on our list, all told, three thousand subscribers; some have fallen off. We have now full two thousand; some are in arrears—not many, however. To all these we shall send our claims, asking pay; they will do as it seemeth good to them. We need the money, but if they need it more than we do, then the matter will drop, and their names will be stricken off our mailing list. We shall never insult a subscriber by publishing a black list, but we will simply stop the paper.

Commencing with No. 1, Vol. 2, we shall publish our paper on a cash basis, and if at the end of the second year we have not four thousand paid-up subscribers, then we shall fully understand that the Spiritualists of America do not wish to read our paper, and we will make our bow and retire; but from present indications our list will be double that number.

With our exchanges we are at peace, save two; those two have never said a good thing of us, the others have. With our correspondents we have maintained the most friendly relations, publishing their contributions complete or rejecting them; we never mutilated them. We have a surplus of poetry, more than we have use for, and would suggest to our friends that they write prose.

And now, dear readers, will you come to our help and sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK? Let us have one paper in the interests of humanity, in the West, whose columns are free from personal abuse, from fulsome and offensive advertisements. Send us facts in Spiritualism, well attested tests, evidences of immortality. The argument and the testimony; how to live.

We ask all of you to renew on reading this letter. Come up to our help. Sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; it is the Spiritual paper of the land. Terms, one dollar and ten cents for twenty-six numbers; two dollars and twenty cents for fifty-two numbers. Renew at once; do not delay, we need your help.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL MEN.

A beautiful sentiment indeed. Can we live it? Yes, in the great by and by, but not now. Why? Because we are not harmonious in truth, we have inherited conditions that are inharmonious. Our fathers and mothers have imposed upon us relations that we cannot throw off, hence we cannot live in harmony with that which conflicts with our sense of right, of justice, and truth.

You say, "Yes, in the great by and by." What time do you refer to?

We refer to the time when the human family fully understand themselves; when each will respect the other; when the right will be fully understood and the wrong eschewed; when man concedes to woman her crown of glory, her soul's individuality; when men and women marry for love and not for money, in truth, not falsehood, for the holy purposes, not passion ones; when we learn to wait for maternity's claim in pure holy love and womanly desire; then uniting with that desire true noble manhood, and from the conjunction of two souls, bring forth soul life from the fountain of love. Then we may expect "Peace on earth, good will toward all men" and all women.

This is my love, Mr. SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and I express it fearlessly. Dare you publish it? They tell me that you believe in a free platform, free press, and free speech; hence I write this from a woman's standpoint, and we will see if you dare publish it. I have more I want to say, but will not now; only this, I was taught to believe in the Bible, and Paul said, "Better marry than burn." Well, I married and burned to, and had to use the cold water of divorce to get rid of the burning. Did I do right? But then, what's the use of writing you? You won't publish it, and dare not answer it.

Neenah, Wis.

REMARKS.—Violet is very much mistaken when she thinks we dare not publish soul experiences, soul thoughts growing out of life's trials. They are what we need. That you are on the highway to peace on earth and good will in heaven toward all men, is quite evident. But to attain the object is another thing. There is a spice of bitterness in your communication that speaks for itself. It says you married and marriage became distasteful, and that you are resolved to break the fetters, or have already done so.

We like your style, it is piquant and pointed, and hits the mark, and we hear the ring of freedom in your cry. You have an experience to relate, one that will tell on the tyrant who dared to trammel your soul; write it and we will publish it, if it is as spicy as this little communication sent us.

We would, however, ask Violet what she proposes to do with her freedom? Are you going to live life's journey all alone, or like others we know of, who railed against the tyrant man, and marriage and husbands in general, and then married, the first opportunity that offered? We can count on our fingers a score or more men and women who shouted for freedom, social freedom, and wrote against "all man-made laws," and married at sight the man or woman that would marry them. Let us hear from Violet again; we like her style.—ED.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

Brothers, sisters, let us have peace and unity of purpose. Let us work for our cause, our heaven-born cause, Spiritualism.

Twenty-six years we have been tearing down, and the whole land is strewn with the debris of our work, and now, is there sufficient ground cleared off to erect a superstructure that will stand the test of criticism and the assault of the iconoclasts.

We need order, system, brains. We need harmony; not death, or the harmony and quiet of the grave-yard, but of purpose. We need a standard, not manacled or bound by credal chains, but a standard capable of expansion. We cannot legislate for the progressive minds of fifty years hence; we can, however, say what we believe, as well as what we know. We believe in the past, that is, that part of it antedating our lives. We know the present, and the facts of our lives are in our possession. Now, have we fact evidence sufficient to warrant us in a declaration of principles? Can we honestly say to the world, "I know, or we know, that we live after the stroke called death"? How many of our mediums can step into the witness-stand and swear, on their

soul's future, that "I know, or we know, that we have had converse with and have seen those whom we knew in life, who have passed through the stroke called death"?

Then, with such knowledge, we can face the world with a religion based on fact; step by step carry the war of progress into hell, storm the battlements of Pandemonium, and liberate the orthodox damned. For the violent shall attack heaven, and through their violence take it. Let us have proof, and then we can lay our foundations on the rock of life immortal.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

FROM THE BAND OF WORKERS.

Oh, wonderful soul of man! who can limit thy power, or stay its mighty progress, when once in the pathway of light, duty, and love? Oh, man, who can estimate the power within thee, or its wondrous strength?

Gem from the eternal womb, gathering up wisdom in thy march through life; that which will stamp upon thy brow the insignia of royal birth.

Grovel not in the dust. Assist the divine law which binds thee to the eternal cause of all life, and onward move. Arouse the spark divine, too long encrusted with the dross of earth. Ye know not the gem within thee. It is the soul of God; bring it forth to the light of day. Know thyself, thy royal birth, and hide not thyself from the angel world, who after all these ages have purified themselves of earth's dross, worked themselves out from the old shell, and like the angels, walk ever in the light of a higher life.

But now, O soul, it is thine, in this age of the world, to know thyself; thou art a diamond bright, pure, if the law of thy birth has been fulfilled, and should know thy relation to Father God, the Law that caused and that continued life. Soul, individualize thyself. Stand forth good and true as the planets to the law that governs thy life, to the eternal cause of all.

Thus we come in the spirit bonds of love, seeking to warn others of the shoals that whirled our lives prematurely into the Spirit world. Yea, prematurely born for want of knowledge.

DANIEL MADDOCK.
RICHARD LAWSON.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

The more we read this book the better we like it. It should be in the hands of every youth, male and female, in the land. The lectures from the immortal Clark and Arago are alone worth the price of the book.

Fredrick Anton Mesmer's lecture on Mesmerism is as instructive a lesson as we ever read. Every consumptive should read Dr. Rush's soul lecture on consumption; it may save your life, don't fail to read it. And then read William Hewson's thoughts on Scrofula; hear what he has to say in his closing remark, "If death were the worst results to be feared, we would not attach so much importance to medical treatment; but years of deformity and torture are worse than death, and it is to relieve the human family from such sufferings, that we insist upon these two rules:

"First. It is the duty of every man and woman to see that they do not perpetuate hereditary Scrofula.

"Second. They should look for the first symptoms of scrofulous tendency, and spare no time or trouble to eradicate every germ of the disease."

We have this book for sale, neatly bound in cloth, price \$2.50, postage 35 cents; in paper, \$1.25, postage 25 cents. Let every subscriber purchase one of these books. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill., and don't forget to subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

Prof. P. HYATT, of California, is prepared to answer calls to lecture during August and September, in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa, after which he returns to the Pacific coast. His subjects are, "The Lost Arts," "The Inner Life," "Six Years upon the Pacific Coast," etc. The lectures are all said to be exceedingly interesting, and embody much culture and research.

OBITUARY.

Born into Spirit life, June 10, 1875, KEZIAH SCOVEL, aged 10 years and 6 months, daughter of Wm. Scovel, of Princeton, Green Lake Co., Wis.

She passed away in the happy knowledge of a reunion with her angel mother and other near and dear ones, who had gone on before and were waiting to welcome her to their Spirit home in the Summer Land.

Verily the difference between our knowledge and the musty belief of the past, in regard to the future, is wonderful to contemplate, and yet how Theology strives to put down and ignore the return of the Spirit.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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Do not fail to read our call for renewal and pre-payment for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. We want three thousand dollars to publish three thousand copies of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for one year, every two weeks. Let three thousand of our readers send us one dollar and ten cents each, and our work goes bravely on.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is complete. Twenty-six numbers form the volume. And this is No. One of Vol. Two. With this number we close accounts with every subscriber who is in arrears, and hereafter one number of the paper will be sent after the time of subscription expires. Then the paper will stop coming.

Really the undertaking has been a success, and we have realized all we anticipated; and yet we are in debt for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, but would not be if those who signed for our paper before we published it, will remit us our just dues. We have treated you well, we have worked hard, late and early, and need your help. The ten million Spiritualists and Liberalists in the United States need THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Come, then, pay up that which you owe us, that we may pay the printer.

You that subscribed for our paper before we published it, send us \$2.20; you that subscribed subsequently, send us \$1.10. Do not pass by this friendly call. We need the money, we need your help. Come, then, to our help. Pay up arrearages and renew for Vol. 2. Terms, one dollar and ten cents for twenty-six numbers.

SUICIDE.

TOLEDO, OHIO, July 29.—This morning at about 9 o'clock, Dr. Paschal Beverly Randolph, who claimed to be a nephew of John Randolph, of Virginia, and the author of "Preadamite Man," and a large number of physiological, spiritual, and theological works, and the founder of the sect known as Rosicrucians, who believe that all power comes through love, that love is akin to godliness, and through it God is reached, miracles performed, the future unveiled, etc., shot himself through the head and died instantly. Randolph had been on a drunken spree for several days, and was morbidly jealous of his wife. He was about 50 years of age, a ripe scholar, and had traveled all over the world, but was a lunatic as to religious matters.—*Special Telegram to Chicago Times.*

So ends the life of P. B. Randolph. We knew him well; first made his acquaintance in Boston in 1858. His life has been a remarkable one, full of events, of ups and downs; today, in rags, drunk, and bitter; yesterday, a gentleman in appearance, with pockets full of greenbacks. He was the child of impulses. If he fell into the hands of Churchmen, he was a Christian, prayed and preached loud, long and as well as the best of them. If he fell into the hands of positive Spiritualists he would recant his Christianity, and throw his written sermon into the air, pass under influence of mind and spirit, and thunder in eloquent argument for Spiritualism.

Poor Randolph, he was the living plaything for spirits; he was the doll of demons and angels, the human child of influences. We have seen him, within the hour allotted him for a speech, as eloquent as a Paul, as radical as a Woodhull, as conservative as an Edwards, as savage as a tiger, as gentle as a lamb, weeping and laughing, wildly, loud and long. Was he, is he, to blame? Could he do otherwise? Was he in the bonds of Fate? In him we have an example of a man of great expectations, full of generous impulses, wondrous in ability, elo-

quent in the use of language, inspired at times with lofty soul thoughts; self-made man or spirit-man, in whose veins flowed the blood of Africa, Asia, Europe, and America; a child of miscegenation. "God made him so," and will he damn him?

And where is he to-day? We answer, a wild, erratic, immortal soul, full of all that moved him, in hate, in love, in spleen, falsehood, and truth. On some, he will wreak revenge, others he will fold in the influence of love. There as here, he will be Paschal Beverly Randolph. We shall hear from him; as an immortal, he will not rest. Let us remember him as the child of influences, one of the wonders of the age. Randolph lives. He is gone out of the old house into a new one, we trust of better material than the old. May the angels succeed with him as a spirit, for as a man, socially, he failed, they failed, or God failed—which? Who can tell?

NO. 1, VOL. 2.

This number commences Vol. Two of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and we now wish to have a plain talk with our subscribers, and we want you to read what we have to say, and read it carefully and to ponder well that which you read.

On the 1st day of July, 1874, No. 1 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK appeared. It was a sixteen page paper, full of rich, rare thought. We were then associated with D. M. Bennett, of the *Truth-Seeker*; together we published three numbers, sixteen pages each, then the paper suspended. This was in August, 1874. In September we went to New York and published No. 4, eight pages. On the 5th of October, 1874, No. 5 appeared from the publishing house of Hazlitt & Reed, 172 & 174 Clark street, Chicago. From that date to the present our paper has appeared as regular as clock work, every two weeks. We have kept our promise with our subscribers and given them a good readable Spiritual paper.

We were ordered by the leaders of three orders or circles of spirits to establish and publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. The first band termed themselves the Circle of Light, whose leader gave his name as John. The second band called themselves the Progressive Band of Workers. The third band, the Spiritual Workers. And when the paper was determined on we asked for a name for it, and it was given in these words: "Brother, you will call this child of ours THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK." Hence our name.

We have had on our list, three thousand subscribers; some have fallen off. We have now full two thousand; some are in arrears—not many, however. To all these we shall send our claims, asking pay; they will do as it seemeth good to them. We need the money, but if they need it more than we do, then the matter will drop, and their names will be stricken off our mailing list. We shall never insult a subscriber by publishing a black list, but we will simply stop the paper.

Commencing with No. 1, Vol. 2, we shall publish our paper on a cash basis, and if at the end of the second year we have not four thousand paid-up subscribers, then we shall fully understand that the Spiritualists of America do not wish to read our paper, and we will make our bow and retire; but from present indications our list will be double that number.

With our exchanges we are at peace, save two; those two have never said a good thing of us, the others have. With our correspondents we have maintained the most friendly relations, publishing their contributions complete or rejecting them; we never mutilated them. We have a surplus of poetry, more than we have use for, and would suggest to our friends that they write prose.

And now, dear readers, will you come to our help and sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK? Let us have one paper in the interests of humanity, in the West, whose columns are free from personal abuse, from fulsome and offensive advertisements. Send us facts in Spiritualism, well attested tests, evidences of immortality. The argument and the testimony; how to live.

We ask all of you to renew on reading this letter. Come up to our help. Sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; it is the Spiritual paper of the land. Terms, one dollar and ten cents for twenty-six numbers; two dollars and twenty cents for fifty-two numbers. Renew at once; do not delay, we need your help.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL MEN.

A beautiful sentiment indeed. Can we live it? Yes, in the great by and by, but not now. Why? Because we are not harmonious in truth, we have inherited conditions that are inharmonious. Our fathers and mothers have imposed upon us relations that we cannot throw off, hence we cannot live in harmony with that which conflicts with our sense of right, of justice, and truth.

You say, "Yes, in the great by and by." What time do you refer to?

We refer to the time when the human family fully understand themselves; when each will respect the other; when the right will be fully understood and the wrong eschewed; when man concedes to woman her crown of glory, her soul's individuality; when men and women marry for love and not for money, in truth, not falsehood, for the holy purposes, not passion ones; when we learn to wait for maternity's claim in pure holy love and womanly desire; then uniting with that desire true noble manhood, and from the conjunction of two souls, bring forth soul life from the fountain of love. Then we may expect "Peace on earth, good will toward all men" and all women.

This is my love, Mr. SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and I express it fearlessly. Dare you publish it? They tell me that you believe in a free platform, free press, and free speech; hence I write this from a woman's standpoint, and we will see if you dare publish it. I have more I want to say, but will not now; only this, I was taught to believe in the Bible, and Paul said, "Better marry than burn." Well, I married and burned to, and had to use the cold water of divorce to get rid of the burning. Did I do right? But then, what's the use of writing you? You won't publish it, and dare not answer it.

VIOLET.

Neenah, Wis.

REMARKS.—Violet is very much mistaken when she thinks we dare not publish soul experiences, soul thoughts growing out of life's trials. They are what we need. That you are on the highway to peace on earth and good will in heaven toward all men, is quite evident. But to attain the object is another thing. There is a spice of bitterness in your communication that speaks for itself. It says you married and marriage became distasteful, and that you are resolved to break the fetters, or have already done so.

We like your style, it is piquant and pointed, and hits the mark, and we hear the ring of freedom in your cry. You have an experience to relate, one that will tell on the tyrant who dared to trammel your soul; write it and we will publish it, if it is as spicy as this little communication sent us.

We would, however, ask Violet what she proposes to do with her freedom? Are you going to live life's journey all alone, or like others we know of, who railed against the tyrant man, and marriage and husbands in general, and then married, the first opportunity that offered? We can count on our fingers a score or more men and women who shouted for freedom, social freedom, and wrote against "all man-made laws," and married at sight the man or woman that would marry them. Let us hear from Violet again; we like her style.—ED.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

Brothers, sisters, let us have peace and unity of purpose. Let us work for our cause, our heaven-born cause, Spiritualism.

Twenty-six years we have been tearing down, and the whole land is strewn with the debris of our work, and now is there sufficient ground cleared off to erect a superstructure that will stand the test of criticism and the assault of the iconoclasts.

We need order, system, brains. We need harmony; not death, or the harmony and quiet of the grave-yard, but of purpose. We need a standard, not manacled or bound by credal chains, but a standard capable of expansion. We cannot legislate for the progressive minds of fifty years hence; we can, however, say what we believe, as well as what we know. We believe in the past, that is, that part of it antedating our lives. We know the present, and the facts of our lives are in our possession. Now, have we fact evidence sufficient to warrant us in a declaration of principles? Can we honestly say to the world, "I know, or we know, that we live after the stroke called death"? How many of our mediums can step into the witness-stand and swear, on their

soul's future, that "I know, or we know, that we have had converse with and have seen those whom we knew in life, who have passed through the stroke called death"?

Then, with such knowledge, we can face the world with a religion based on fact; step by step carry the war of progress into hell, storm the battlements of Pandemonium, and liberate the orthodox damned. For the violent shall attack heaven, and through their violence take it. Let us have proof, and then we can lay our foundations on the rock of life immortal.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

FROM THE BAND OF WORKERS.

Oh, wonderful soul of man! who can limit thy power, or stay its mighty progress, when once in the pathway of light, duty, and love? Oh, man, who can estimate the power within thee, or its wondrous strength?

Gem from the eternal womb, gathering up wisdom in thy march through life; that which will stamp upon thy brow the insignia of royal birth.

Grovel not in the dust. Assist the divine law which binds thee to the eternal cause of all life, and onward move. Arouse the spark divine, too long encrusted with the dross of earth. Ye know not the gem within thee. It is the soul of God; bring it forth to the light of day. Know thyself, thy royal birth, and hide not thyself from the angel world, who after all these ages have purified themselves of earth's dross, worked themselves out from the old shell, and like the angels, walk ever in the light of a higher life.

But now, O soul, it is thine, in this age of the world, to know thyself: thou art a diamond bright, pure, if the law of thy birth has been fulfilled, and should know thy relation to Father God, the Law that caused and that continued life. Soul, individualize thyself. Stand forth good and true as the planets to the law that governs thy life, to the eternal cause of all.

Thus we come in the spirit bonds of love, seeking to warn others of the shoals that whirled our lives prematurely into the Spirit world. Yea, prematurely born for want of knowledge.

DANIEL MADDOCK.
RICHARD LAWSON.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

The more we read this book the better we like it. It should be in the hands of every youth, male and female, in the land. The lectures from the immortal Clark and Arago are alone worth the price of the book.

Fredrick Anton Mesmer's lecture on Mesmerism is as instructive a lesson as we ever read. Every consumptive should read Dr. Rush's soul lecture on consumption; it may save your life, don't fail to read it. And then read William Hewson's thoughts on Scrofula; hear what he has to say in his closing remark, "If death were the worst results to be feared, we would not attach so much importance to medical treatment; but years of deformity and torture are worse than death, and it is to relieve the human family from such sufferings, that we insist upon these two rules:

"First. It is the duty of every man and woman to see that they do not perpetuate hereditary Scrofula.

"Second. They should look for the first symptoms of scrofulous tendency, and spare no time or trouble to eradicate every germ of the disease."

We have this book for sale, neatly bound in cloth, price \$2.50, postage 35 cents; in paper, \$1.25, postage 25 cents. Let every subscriber purchase one of these books. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill., and don't forget to subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

Prof. P. HYATT, of California, is prepared to answer calls to lecture during August and September, in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa, after which he returns to the Pacific coast. His subjects are, "The Lost Arts," "The Inner Life," "Six Years upon the Pacific Coast," etc. The lectures are all said to be exceedingly interesting, and embody much culture and research.

OBITUARY.

Born into Spirit life, June 10, 1875, KEZIAH SCOVILL, aged 19 years and 6 months, daughter of Wm. Scovill, of Princeton, Green Lake Co., Wis.

She passed away in the happy knowledge of a reunion with her angel mother and other near and dear ones, who had gone on before and were waiting to welcome her to their Spirit home in the Summer Land. Verily the difference between our knowledge and the musty belief of the past, in regard to the future, is wonderful to contemplate, and yet how Theology strives to put down and ignore the return of the Spirit.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE DUBUQUE CAMP-MEETING.

MR. EDITOR: I have read the report of the Dubuque Camp-meeting, as published in the *R.-P. Journal*, the *Banner of Light*, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. The report of the two latter papers is square, honest, and truthful. The report in the *R.-P. Journal* is not truthful, is not honest, and deals unfairly with the many speakers who were there by invitation.

First, E. V. Wilson was invited by the management to be present, stated on what terms he would come; the terms were not complied with, and then he came in the interests of his paper, and not to speak, save in conference. A demand was made for him to speak and give public tests, and he complied, giving such tests as none other can give from a public platform.

Second, On Friday, the 2d of July, the management, including Chandler, Sandford, and the business committee, invited him to speak the Fourth of July oration on Monday, which he declined to do. On Saturday morning, he was again asked to do so, and at noon partially conceded that he would. In the afternoon, Judge Holbrook came with the expectation of speaking the Fourth of July oration. Mr. Wilson went first to Mr. Chandler, then to Dr. Sandford, and finally to the secretary of the business committee, and tendered his resignation, and they all refused to accept it, each urging him to speak, and all manifesting a preference for him over Holbrook; and he consented to do so.

Mr. Wilson paid fifty cents for every meal he ate save one. He paid one dollar a day for his bedroom, and twice shared it with strangers who had no place to sleep, and paid three dollars toward the expenses of the camp-meeting.

Mrs. Dr. Severance, of Milwaukee, was there on the special invitation of a part of the management, and on the general invitation through the press, for all speakers and mediums to come. Her whole conduct while at the meeting was decorous and lady-like, and in all she said her language was chaste and correct. Her speech on "My Religion" was well received, and she was personally complimented by more than one reporter for the able manner in which she handled her subject.

She was put on to the list of speakers by the business committee, who were the proper parties to manage this department of the camp-meeting, and when the appointments for the morrow were handed Dr. Sandford, he turned to the secretary of the committee, saying, "How is this? Who put Mrs. Severance on the list of speakers?" and at once crossed off her name. The business committee refused to stand this arbitrary rule, and one of them resigned. As soon as the audience got hold of it, they demanded that Mrs. Severance be heard, and she was heard. And here let it be distinctly understood that E. V. Wilson had nothing whatever to do with her coming, her speaking, or her appointment as delegate to the Centennial celebration. Mr. W. was asked who should be on as representative from Wisconsin, and he replied, "Put on who you are a mind to." Some one said, "Dr. Severance," Wilson observed, "Yes, she is capable," and without a word, Dr. Sandford appointed her, and the only insisting on anything by E. V. Wilson, was in refusing to speak the Fourth of July oration.

It is equally true that Mr. Wilson advised Dr. Sandford of the error of his course, and pointed out to the management wherein the meeting would be a failure, and but for Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, and Mr. Wardall, the efficient secretary, the whole thing would have been the grandest fizzle that ever came off in the form of a camp-meeting. One thing is patent, that the West will not be gagged in regard to who they shall hear, no matter what party or organ demands it.

I believe that Mrs. Severance was to have her expenses paid; it is very doubtful whether they were.

Messrs. Stebbins, Peebles, and Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry were the paid (?) speakers, or were to be paid. Mrs. P. was sharp, saw how things were going, and I was told got her pay. Bro. Peebles told me on Monday night, the 5th, that he had not received his expenses. All three of these persons are well known to the public, and are popular speakers, and acquitted themselves well.

Capt. H. H. Brown, Mr. Kenyon, and the

Rev. Asa Warren were not well used, and especially when I consider that two of them are State missionaries, and that Bro. Warren is one of the oldest lecturers in Iowa and has been laboring there for several years. These gentlemen felt the slight deeply, and especially was this the case with Capt. Brown and Bro. Warren.

Mrs. Morse was happy and joyous, and instead of taking the course pointed out by the report in the *R.-P. Journal*, she took directly the reverse. She was genial, pleasant, and did all she could to make the meeting a success. She again and again said, "I do not wish to speak," and refused to speak. She took sides with no one, and did all she could to urge on the good work and maintain harmony.

Mrs. Welch was an active, earnest worker, full of life and vim, read a long speech from Professor Swing, and made a sprightly, witty speech that elicited a deal of mirthfulness. During this speech she produced a laugh at the expense of the gray beards and heads, by the remark that the girls made fools of them, and that they all went mad after every new face they saw. This brought out the rejoinder, in which the "Gentle Wilson" sent the girls at sweet sixteen, barefoot through a five-acre lot of Canada thistles, after the first old man who would have them, provided he has a good bank account.

Chauncey Barnes, "the ring-smasher, prophet of God, and grainery of Heaven," was on hand, denouncing Peebles, Stebbins, Parry, Wilson, and all others who spoke for pay or received money; and yet this immaculate prophet of God, Chauncey Barnes, charged a dollar each for speaking with men ten or fifteen minutes. The "Gentle Wilson" worked his case up for him, and in one of his splurges took the old prophet off his feet, making a thorough exposé of him and his course.

Jesse Shepard, "the Musical Trinity," was the pet of the managers of the camp-meeting, was largely advertised from the platform, and opened up in Good Templar's Hall on one or two nights, at one dollar a head, and failed for want of an audience; then went to the private home of Mr. Holland, and held forth to full rooms at 50 cents a head, several nights, taking an hundred dollars or over, and left without thanking Mr. Holland or his wife for the use of their parlors and piano forte, or the spoiled carpet. And besides all this, the *Chicago Tribune* published him as leaving Dubuque without paying his bill. Jesse had better remove this charge.

Mrs. Crippen, of Eau Claire, Wis., drove a thriving business at giving sittings at \$2 each for gentlemen, and \$1 for ladies. Opinions differed in regard to her merits as a medium; some called her good, some said "humbug." Dr. Juckett, of St. Charles was present, and in his quiet way worked among the people. Dr. Stevens, of Janesville, had his say, after which we saw and heard but little of him. Mrs. Fay, of Chicago, a very good medium, gave several fine tests, but made no stir.

Bro. McCrary, of the Dubuque *Times*, is a live editor, full of vim, and followed Wilson in a speech, right witty and good. The strong men and women present were Messrs. Peebles, Stebbins, Wilson, and Brown, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, and while E. V. Wilson was not publicly before the meeting, none could fail to see that he was felt and recognized wherever he appeared; as was Dr. Severance. Whether their influence was for good or evil, I will not say, but one thing is quite certain, the management that undertakes to squelch these twain at a camp-meeting, will have their hands full.

The Business Committee was a good one, and up to Saturday evening done their work well. The speaking was good, and each speaker acquitted him or herself well. Mr. Stebbins made the better speech of the camp-meeting. Wilson's Fourth of July oration was a grand effort, and so was the rain. There is no question, but for the rain that a great multitude would have been present; as it is, the affair has not resulted to the benefit of those who got it up. The management of the dining-room was bad, and the charge of fifty cents for a single meal extravagant. A CAMPER.

We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking. Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much—wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

REPORT OF SEANCE AT OMRO, WIS.

MRS. PARREY, MEDIUM.

BRO. WILSON: Enclosed find report of Mrs. Parrey's seances, given in Omro, Wis., on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of June, published in the *Ripon Free Press*. I replied to the *Chicago Times* article on Mrs. Parrey's exposé of June 29th, but it was not published. Please publish this report, for I think all genuine mediums should be sustained.

Herewith find a list of names of persons who will testify to having seen and recognized friends, who had passed through the stroke called death, at Mrs. Parrey's seances.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Hamilton, Dr. Phillips and wife, Mrs. L. B. Johnson, Mrs. St. Clair, S. Catlin, Mrs. Mills, of Omro, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and two daughters, of Waukau, Wis.; Mr. E. Patterson, Berlin, Wis.; Mrs. Markstead, Princeton, Wis.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

Omro, Wis., July 15, 1875.

A reporter of this paper was sent to Omro, to attend the convention of Spiritualists held June 25th, 26th, and 27th, and investigate the materialization seances given by Mrs. Parrey, of Chicago. In company with others, Omro was reached in the evening, and we were fortunate enough to secure seats for the morning seance, which was to have taken place at 8:30, but on account of the storm was delayed until 10 a. m.

At ten we adjourned to a room up-stairs, the dimensions of which were about 10x12, across one corner of which a single thickness of boards had been roughly but securely nailed, making an apartment shaped like the letter V. Over the aperture, which was about breast high, and two feet square, was hung heavy black cloth curtains to exclude the light. The windows to the room were curtained, and two lamps were burning on a chair, over and around which was thrown a shawl, to make the light mellow it was claimed. A person with good eyes could have seen to read in the room. The reporter inspected the cabinet and found it contained nothing but a chair, a small stool to rest the feet on (made of three pieces of board) and a pair of sheriff's handcuffs, with the key in them. The cabinet was made by a carpenter there in Omro. There was no possible chance for deception in the simple construction of the compartment.

Reporter—Mrs. Smith, how do you account for the appearance of faces and hands?

Mrs. Smith—The body is constantly throwing off portions of itself, and by some law of magnetism or electricity the particles are attracted and thus the spirit is clothed in material and made visible to mortal eye; this is the way we account for it; but this may not be the truth of it; we are as ignorant of the actual cause of it as you are.

"Philosophically argued," nodded the reporter.

At this juncture Mrs. Parrey made her appearance; a dark complexioned woman, 4 feet 9 inches high, weighing about 165 pounds. She has been a materializing medium about a year; the spirits having forced her from the washtub to this new avocation. Mrs. P. is of Irish birth and does not appear shrewd enough to deceive the most credulous schoolboy. Two ladies of the audience asked leave to act as the committee to search the medium, who was taken by them and denuded, and dressed by the ladies themselves. The only articles of clothing allowed her were slippers and stockings, an article of clothing worn next the body and a black calico wrapper (made in Omro). This latter article was sewed at the wrists and neck with white thread. She entered the cabinet, and Mrs. Smith spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we do not warrant you one thing from that cabinet; it is entirely beyond our control; should we sit, though, and nothing appear, we shall claim the right to keep the money you have paid; but should you desire to leave the room now, your money will be refunded; we will say, however, that we have never yet failed to produce something; when the power may be taken from us we do not know." (Mrs. Colby is a lecturer, Mrs. Smith a singer and guitarist traveling with her. They have taken Mrs. Parrey, she being too illiterate to transact business herself, and she is allowed the entire receipts after deducting her own individual expenses.)

In about ten minutes a small white hand was seen to separate the curtain and reach out into the room. It disappeared, and a form appeared at the aperture, caparisoned in fashionable attire, bedecked with costly jewelry, faultless in form, and of celestial beauty. The hand was well shaped and very small (about one-half or two-thirds the size of the medium's), on the wrist was a massive gold bracelet, carbuncled, and from which a chain was pendant. The arm was bare nearly to the shoulders, the dress was of white lace and silk, tarlatan and other gossamer-like fabrics; the front of the dress was composed of heavy lace ruffles; the costume was nearly as elaborate and much prettier than the apparel of her less ephemeral sisters.

At this point we were interrupted by a lady at the door who had ridden fifteen miles that morning, and wished admittance. The manager asked the fifteen persons composing the audience if she might be allowed to admit one more, and they said "yes." The form still lingered at the aperture, and the door was opened and the broad light of day poured its glaring light directly upon the form, which faded gradually away like the mists of morn-

ing. The reporter was of the opinion that had the form been a fraud it would have been cautioned to disappear before the door was opened, which was certainly not the case.

When the door closed the celestial spirit as gradually re-appeared. The reporter, who sat on the front row of seats directly opposite the aperture, leaned forward to the lady who had just entered, and said: "Madam, do you see that form?"

She replied, "No, sir; I see nothing," but presently exclaimed, "I begin to see something," and then said, "I see it plain now."

The front row of seats is only three feet from the aperture. The hand beckoned for the reporter and the gentleman next to him to approach. The form appeared to be of a young lady aged between 17 and 20; she pulled the curtain aside with her hands that they might get a better view of her. (She leaned against the inside of the cabinet, and those outside were allowed to stand as close to the outside.) She appeared to be nearly a foot taller than the medium, and was visible from the top of her head to the middle of her waist, where her clothing was confined by a girdle; she was fair complexioned, the lashes on the upper eyelids were long, curved, and of a light brown color, the nose was inclined upward, the eyes were closed. The reporter asked if she would touch him, and she withdrew her right hand and rapped on the cabinet, in plain sight, three times, and motioned for him to bend down; bending his head on a level with the aperture, she commenced patting him on the forehead, and ran her hand back over his head till her hand rested on his shoulder. The reporter's companion was standing so close to him that they touched, and he might have grabbed the arm and held it, had he had the slightest reason to believe it was the medium's. The spirit then took the reporter's hand, and then took hold of his wrist, the touch was cold as death while the room was warm enough to induce perspiration.

No precautions were taken to prevent one's grabbing the arm, which might easily have been done, and which was done as we shall hereinafter relate. Seven or more different faces and bodies appeared at the morning seance. Gibbs, who was shot near the house, appeared, and the Omro folks recognized him. Frank Johnson came, and his mother rushed up to the cabinet door and put her arms around his neck. Bearded men, little children, old ladies, and young men came. At one time Mrs. Colby went to the cabinet door and the first spirit that came (and which always comes first to their seances), called Katie, leaned her left shoulder out of the cabinet and put her arms around Mrs. C's neck, who leaned entirely off from her perpendicular, and rested her head upon the spirit's shoulder.

In the evening, as Katie was at the aperture, Pat Shea grabbed into the lace ruffles on her bosom, and as his brawny hand fastened into the fragile fabric, he exclaimed, "That's material." As it began to recede from his grasp he lunged into the cabinet clear to the shoulder, and drew his hand from the cabinet in blank astonishment as it contained nothing; it had dissolved in his grasp.

Mrs. Smith then said, "What are you doing, sir?"

"That's material," reiterated Patsy.

"Of course it's material; it's just as material as your flesh; we don't claim it's anything else. If you had asked to take hold of her we would have given you leave," said Mrs. Smith, who pulled the door open and was about to show us the medium clothed in her dark habiliments, but some one who was more satisfied since Pat's grab than ever before, that everything was all right, said, "Don't open the door; we want to see some more."

Mrs. S. closed the door and started singing, when some one moved that Shea be requested to leave the room for violating his word. After considerable wrangling, Pat left the room, but as all were excited, and the hour was late (12 p. m.) it was thought not best to proceed, as the seance would not end till 2:30, and many had to be up early for the morning train. Our tickets were refunded, and the managers said, "Now we are bound to stay and give a few more seances; if we leave now, people will say we are frauds."

Had Pat got hold of the medium she could not have wriggled away from him, as he could have reached the farthest corner of the compartment with his hand, it was so contracted; and his hand would have been full of lace, etc., as everyone knows that the clothing of Katie, as we have described it, is as fragile as tissue paper. There was not a sound from the cabinet, when he grabbed, not a footstep or a voice. The article relating to it in the *Chicago Times* is a lie from first to last, with the exception that he did grab her bosom.

The medium was examined immediately after the face disappeared, and the dress was found sewed up and fastened with a peculiar knot known only to the committee.

The day after this pretended exposé, a gentleman whose veracity is unimpeachable, went up from Ripon and saw these sights and shook hands with the spirits in the daytime, when the medium was put into the cabinet handcuffed and her hands filled with flour. The extra precaution was also taken to envelop her in a sack made of mosquito bar netting, this thrown over and the end pulled under the door and held by two men, and forms came clothed in white, unencumbered by mosquito bar.

Verily "there are more things 'twixt heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

If nothing prevents, Mrs. Parrey will be in Berlin in September.

THE WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

Only an outcast—nobody cares for her,
Drive her out, push her out, don't let her stay;
There let her seek for friends,
There let her make amends
For all her wickedness—turn her away!

Only an outcast—nobody takes her in,
Coldly they turn her away from each door;
Sadly she wanders on,
Child dead, and hope gone,
Ragged and hungry, heart-sick and sore!

Only an outcast—nobody seeks her,
As the rain heavy falls and the winds fiercely blow
Down on her aching head,
Till she is almost dead,
Sighing and sobbing and trembling so!

Only an outcast—no one to claim her,
No one to call her friend, neighbor, or wife,
No gentle father, no tender mother,
No loving sister, no noble brother,
Friendless and homeless she breathes out her life!

Only an outcast—Hope dead within her,
Wildly despairing, she yearns for the grave,
To the dark water's brink—
In it her woes to sink—
Rushes the outcast, for peace in the wave.

Only an outcast—the man said who found her,
Hurry her off to the almshouse in haste;
No use to seek her name,
She was a child of shame,
Bury her out on the old pauper's waste.

Only an outcast—the grave-robbler muttered,
As in the dark night he stole her away,
From her neglected tomb,
To the dissecting room,
For the physician's skill, and for his pay.

Only an outcast—a young student called her,
As he removed the dark veil from her face;
Well may he gasp for breath,
As he beholds in death,
The poor friendless orphan he led to disgrace.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
VICTORIA WOODHULL ANGLING
FOR CHRISTIANS.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

I see now why my blasphemous (!) articles on Jesus, in *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, last year, were thorns in its flesh. The following sensible letter, which appeared in its last number, from the pen of Anna M. Middlebrook's husband, and the comments which Mrs. Woodhull makes, cover the ground of the "new departure" of the President of the "Universal Association of Spiritualists."

LONG HILL, June 7, 1875.

EDITORS WEEKLY: Under the head of "Explanatory," in the *Weekly* of June 19, I see you have fallen back on the Christian Bible and Jesus of Nazareth as our Savior. If you need him and the Bible to save you you have a perfect right to have them; but rather than be dragged through such filthiness and superstition, I will be damned. I cannot or will not be with a party going that way; and while I am sorry to part company with the *Weekly*, I must claim the privilege of being damned or saved without the Bible or Jesus.

If you should undertake to convert the emancipated slaves back to slavery by telling them it was a good thing if properly used and understood, you would have an up-hill task; but to go back 2,000 years for knowledge and inspiration when you profess to inspiration yourself, is a task so hopeless that the Presidential campaign which the same spirits undertook to engineer, was a success compared to it. I shall watch the *Weekly*, and whenever I see signs of returning once more to the front shall be happy to take it; but until then must decline. Its teachings I cannot consistently adopt, believe myself, or help others to believe.

With kindest regards I remain yours,

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK.

The above from Brother Middlebrook is a sample of some ten or twelve letters that we have received since we turned our attention to the Bible. We are sorry to part company with any of them, for we believe they are all honest and truthful people who follow the light they have; but we cannot deviate from the truth as we know it. The reason that Jesus is Savior is because he brought a truth about physical life to light that would have been still hidden in God if he or another like him had not have lived. As long as telegraphs are used, so long will Morse be looked to as the savior in this regard. The same will be true of Ericsson, regarding steamships; of Harvey, of the circulation of the blood; of Galileo, of the earth's motion; and of Luther, of the reformation. If anyone were to attempt to appropriate to himself what any of these men did, or if any should attempt to claim their discoveries for anybody else, it would be false and unjust. So, now, if we were to attempt to claim as our own, or for anybody else, that which Jesus discovered to the world, and until now hid in himself and his apostles, we should be doing injustice, for which there could be no adequate compensation. Jesus made a discovery of the way to get eternal life, but he knew that it could do the world no good then, and he very properly communicated a part of it to his disciples only. 'Tis true it is plainly laid down in the Bible, but the language could not be understood until this age of the world, and the people have blindly run over the very words that, if understood, would have brought them eternal life. We say this, knowing just what we speak, and although we have not yet made known the mystery, we are perfectly willing to make the statement and rely upon the future for its full justification.

So, we repeat again, that Jesus is the Savior of the body, because he brought to light the

law by which the body can have eternal life, which no other person before him ever conceived; and which has been since known only to those to whom he communicated it, or to those to whom his apostles have recently made it known. If we should say anything less than that Jesus is the Savior we should lie, and the truth would not be in us. Therefore, though we lose all support, we shall speak the truth faithfully and earnestly, and, in due time, fully. Then all those who have spoken disrespectfully or shabbily of the very means by which they can have eternal life will see the folly of their blindness.

If Bro. M. thinks that the political movement to which he refers was a failure, he does not see it as we see it. It was productive of great good, and is still bearing fruit. It was like the leaven "hid in three measures of meal." It will leaven the whole lump ultimately. He is also quite as much in error about our having gone backward. All that we had done up to the time of taking up this issue was the necessary preparation for it, and it was a going forward to the ultimate position when we made the movement. And Bro. M. will, we have no doubt, live to see the time when he will say the same thing. We are at the front now; before a truth which, when fully accepted, will *redeem the body from any more death*, and banish all sorrow, suffering, and misery from them who make it their own. We are sorry that anybody can think it a filthy superstition. Indeed is the wisdom of the world foolishness before God; and those who prefer it will certainly be damned—i. e., will die—and be obliged to wait for, perhaps, thousands of years for their resurrection, when they might live eternally, if they prefer the wisdom and the freedom wherewith Christ will make them free.

The words which I italicize in the foregoing save much explanation.

Under the head of "Now is the time to subscribe," its friends are urged to "take up the *Weekly* and work for its interests." "Thousands of people in the churches are waiting for this truth to be advanced, although they do not yet know what it is. *We hope our friends will take special pains to call the attention of ministers to these editorials.*"

Other points are embodied in the following letter:

MAZEPPA, MINN., July 5, 1875.

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK—Dear Sir: Your letter in the *W. & C. Weekly* has the right ring. Such dreary nonsense to palm off on reformers as something new, fresh from the spice fields of heaven, is enough to make the ministers laugh in each other's faces! The paper refused to longer publish my blasphemous contributions, on the plea that it had already lost hundreds of subscribers; but in answer (!) to you, the "heroic" is adopted: "Though we lose all support, we shall speak the truth faithfully and earnestly." Yet, as if to prove palpably that the new tack is taken on purpose to secure the patronage of the superstitious, the same number refers (p. 5) to the "thousands of people in the churches" who are "waiting for this truth." "Hope our friends will take special pains to call the attention of ministers to these editorials." Just so. She doubtless will be as successful in hiding her victory in "three measures of meal" as in the case of the "Presidential campaign." Some wonderful mystery is to burst upon the world! H—u—s—h! "Hidden in God until now. We have all stumbled over the words that, if understood, would have brought us eternal life, 'salvation of the body from death.' The secret will come out by-and-by—to subscribers only, mind that; and here you, my deluded friend, have cut yourself off from this premium for subscribers. Chromes are stale—"Wide Awake" not "Fast Asleep" is this unique offer. "Salvation from Death!" "Walk up! who will take the first chance! Going, going, gone!" Down goes the hammer, and you are cut off in your sins, "obliged to wait for, perhaps, thousands of years for their resurrection." Serves you right for fooling around the pit of damnation. "You pays your money and takes your choice." I am moved to join with you when you say, "Rather than be dragged through such filthiness and superstition [the Bible] I will be damned."

Permit me to say that I think you would not decline taking any paper if it were truly a free and independent publication, if it would print as much against its theories as in favor. In this respect the *Weekly* has sadly degenerated. It refers to a dozen letters similar to yours which it has received. They have not appeared. It suppresses them. Sectarian sheets are as free. But this paper once professed to be the "only absolutely free paper in the world." It has dropped that out, and yet claims the patronage of Liberals. The "Criticism and objections" which it still specially but feebly invites, are thrown for the main part into the

waste basket. I think none of us who profess Rationalism expect an editor or speaker to echo our sentiments. But it is the grossest inconsistency for an editor, or anybody else, to claim free speech and then deny it to others. The stereotyped excuses which editors make are detestable, such as, they "cannot publish everything," and under cover of that fact complacently print whatever accords with editorial opinions.

While there has been much in Victoria C. Woodhull's teachings that I never endorsed, I have always most heartily defended her right to free speech, for which I have been branded by pur-blind Spiritualists a "Woodhullite." I defend principle without fear of epithets. Mrs. Woodhull is a lady of talent. If to advocate free speech for the meanest slave that ever quivered under lash, or the vilest creature that was ever born, I am therefore responsible for the sentiments they advocate, so be it. But it must certainly be a species of logic unknown to science, which can harness a sequence to any such premise. The very term free speech implies disagreement in opinion, dissent, discussion, individualism.

I regret that Mrs. Woodhull, in her "new departure," has gone back to the flesh-pots of Christian theology. No wonder the columns of her paper are no longer open to free discussion, for Christianity flourishes in the soil of despotism, but wilts in an open field.

The personal abuse which Spiritualists have heaped upon this woman, on account of her opinions, proves them recreant to their own professed principle of the freedom of opinion. I think many of them begin to see their mistake. Kind regards to Sister Middlebrook.

Yours fraternally, W. F. JAMIESON.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A CRITICISM.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: The following was sent me by Dr. H. S. Brown with the request that I criticise it, and forward to your paper. A generous donation of two dollars from himself and wife accompanied it.

THE WORKING PLATFORM.

1. Get knowledge.
2. Give others the rights you claim.
3. Do not condemn others for their opinions.
4. Give others the right of free orderly speech.
5. Give to the poor and have it expended so that it will do them the most good.

These things should be done whether we love people or not. People who love others or themselves more than justice, will fail to do right, in my opinion.

Of late I am seldom able to write much, or "criticise" anything. But this "platform" is so good that I desire to talk about it. It cannot be criticised. As well criticise the highest and best moral precepts of Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and other such ancient and modern minds. All men, unbiased by some insane prejudice, feel and know that these principles are right and just. But oh, how few men are fully prepared to live them! The true man must and does love or regard justice before himself or his friend; and will do it even if in doing it he must tread on and crush out some of his own lower feelings and passions, or the same in some of his friends. The man who loves truth more than he loves himself and his clan, sect, or church, will most desire to get the views of his opponents. They are far more likely to do him good and correct his errors.

Thirty-five years ago I had adopted some very radical views on *conjugal love*. Francis E. Abbott, the editor of the *Index*, and a free religionist, says I am more ultra radical than Mrs. Woodhull. Before I wrote one line for the press, during some dozen years, I eagerly sought every work in opposition to my views. Since I have published my views, I have always sought the works of opponents in preference to those whom I supposed more nearly harmonized with me. I felt that I could do without the last. I first mailed my works to my opponents, and in every way sought candid criticisms. If I could ever be tempted to steal it would be to steal the reading of some able and candid opponent's book.

If you examine the motives of the man who attempts to shut down on orderly free speech and free press, you will find that they never come from his top brain or best manhood; they are never from the inspirations even of his best sentiments and emotions. Hence, in taking this course to suppress another's thoughts

he injures himself more than he can injure any other person. The natural retribution must overtake him some time.

E. V. Wilson's course for mental freedom, for free speech, if I understand it, is noble, is morally grand. And just as good, better to me than if he fully agreed with me, which he does not. If I was editor of a paper I would ten thousand times sooner have it go down with its flag nailed to the mast, fighting for the mental freedom of my opponents, than to have it prosper in suppressing such freedom. Till I come to hold the race as "totally depraved," if I have what I think truth that cannot stand mental freedom, I say let it go under and burn till it can. Not free-love, but *mental freedom* is my hobby. I never fear to trust it. Such fear is more than suspicious in all who harbor it. It indicates anything but moral honesty. Brothers, dare be just. It is always safe, and must in the end a thousand times pay.

If I have any influence with the more able Spiritualists and free-thinkers, I would beg them to sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. I was sorry *Common Sense* must fail for its fidelity to freedom. May it soon rise. The truly Spiritual, free, and radical papers are all needed and ought to be sustained.

AUSTIN KENT.

P. S.—BRO. WILSON: I am grateful for your kind reference to me, and to the brother who pays for my paper. Twenty-seven years ago a good sister dreamed that she saw me, "sitting up in my coffin." And here I have sat up in it for eighteen years; but I will have an easier seat above, by and by.

While my price for my published works is One Dollar, I ask all who desire to read them and are not able to pay more, to send me half the sum, or say 60 or 70 cents.

Fraternally, AUSTIN KENT.

East Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., July 20, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

June 27, 1875.

In THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, No. 23, I find the following, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression. They are now running into every abomination of which the old country is guilty," etc. Hence the prophecy of Joseph Hoag, in 1833, which appears to have been fulfilled to the last assertion—a monarchical power with a national religion.

As you say, this present period of time is ominous of the last clause of Brother Hoag's vision. The democratic and aristocratic spiritual elements are at war; the crisis is at hand which was foreshadowed by a John while the spirit of prophecy was in him, and which, in the present generation, has, through prophets or seers, been repeatedly revealed to the people, or all who would receive the light. You, Brother Wilson, understand this is a Spiritual, or we may as well term it a religious war, managed solely by spirit control or influence, impartial and partial. The Spiritual world has been in confusion some time; humanity on the physical plane of this earth are being pulverized, the chaff in individuals is being sifted out, or brought to the surface. There is a spiritual element in this chaff, or art, which will and does struggle hard to retain its power; it works back-handed and ever has; it claims to be celestial, when in reality it is sensual. As the spiritual and physical worlds blend, and right or the principle of truth, strives for the positive, it engenders a fermentation which brings to the surface of theology all the light they have concerning the light given through a Jesus.

They would insert in the Constitution a clause making him the ruler of nations, which agitation I think is one starting point toward a monarchical government, which will be the ultimate, but not by constitutional power. It will be brought about by the element which opposes the evangelical alliance *in toto*. It will be brought to a focus by spiritual instead of physical law. Reading the article in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has strengthened my faith in the views I adopt, or if I were a prophet, I would say what has been revealed to me by the spirit. I will give my reason for such belief.

Three years ago this present summer I was overpowered by the Spirit, or as perhaps would be termed in Bible terms, filled with the Holy Ghost, and heard voices, or in other words, ideas were impressed upon my individual brain which

created inharmony in the spiritual influences within and surrounding me. I did not, like the Nazarene, go into the wilderness, but my friends confined me forty days, at the end of which time the harmony of my intellect was restored.

It is difficult to explain in words what was made known to me, as the seer would say. I shall merely write a few random ideas, as are impressed upon my mind. Spheres and circles of spirits are similar to creeds and churches in earth life. For instance, the *Banner of Light* is controlled by one combination, the *R.-P. Journal* by another, the *Christian at Work* by another, the *SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* by another, and so on through the catalogues of political and so termed religious, scientific, and philosophical institutions.

It is claimed that through the instrumentality of a Franklin, and others of his sphere, the atmosphere, rain, and clear weather can be controlled by humanity, and that the time is not distant when it will be. Enough of big stories, I will give my vision in regard to the coming decade of the American Government, which was so stamped upon my mind that I cannot gainsay it, although it is hard to believe that this nation, in the immediate future, will have for its head what is termed king and queen, yet so said the spirit of prophecy in the vision.

One man and one woman will be head of the American government, installed by the voice of the people, through Spiritual influence; the banner will be truth and justice, wisely balanced. I have not a clear identity of the man. He is of humble origin, unlettered, one whom an aristocrat would say was from the lower walks of life, nevertheless he has and is being passed through the furnace of affliction preparatory for the coming event. Of the individual woman I have a clear perception; it was stamped upon my brain. She, for the past four or five years, has been forced to appear what she is not. It was not of herself, but the Holy Spirit that she was baptized with. She individually has been tried as woman never was tried before. She has passed through the fiery furnace of popular opinion; her would-be friends have been her greatest tormentors, because they do not comprehend her. She speaks from the celestial plane, while they have not progressed beyond the sensual plane of physical life.

I shall write no more. You have it as cheap as I; do what you please with it. I shall not cry if you burn it. L. B. A.

BUCHANAN, Mich., May 27, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking it might not be uninteresting to your readers to know something of the movements going on here, I take the liberty of sending this notice.

Buchanan is a thriving town, situated on the line of the Michigan Central railroad, ninety-five miles east of the city of Chicago, beautifully surrounded by a rich farming country, yet, with all to make it a spot desirable, the masses are so thoroughly rooted and grounded in old Orthodoxy, I had supposed it dead to all advance ideas and movements; but thanks to the angel hosts, and the beautiful mediumship of Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, of Port Huron, many have been led up and out of the darkness.

Her many and remarkable tests, circles and sittings, have gone far in establishing the belief in the immortality of the soul in many heretofore doubting minds.

Some four years since, I met Mrs. H. in the city of Chicago, and, stranger that I was, received tests and predictions that have been verified to the letter.

The agitation here in our midst is to me a marvel, as, from time immemorial, naught but the wail of old theology has been heard ascending from the God-consecrated altars of this our beautiful town.

Like the oasis to the weary traveler, have been the gentle, loving ministrations of Mrs. H., and as she goes from our home and protecting care, our blessing and God speed be ever with her, and may the hosts of invisibles continue to abide with her, is the earnest prayer of her friends.

SARAH H. TAYLOR.

HOCKESSIN, Del., July 15, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir*: Not having been very prompt in the forwarding of occasional articles, as you requested, I prefer sending the enclosed mite to pay my subscription.

I like the title of your paper, as significant of what seems now much needed, and also the

earnest manner in which you seem to advocate the cause.

I would that all Spiritualists could unite in taking common-sense, practical views upon the wonderful intercommunion taking place in these days between this sphere of human life and the next. We all have our peculiarities or our weaknesses, and if Spiritualists would cease being over-censorious or jealous of each other, and cultivate more of that abounding charity which seems to pervade and beatify the communities and individuals of the "land of the leal," how much better it would be for our cause, and for its practical usefulness in the world. For what signifies all these marvels that now, for a quarter of a century, have been renewed among us in a marked manner, unless we have the grace and sense to profit by them, and reap from them that measure of use which all truth is competent to yield, if properly received and applied.

I do not wish to imply that much good has not been already accomplished but that much more is possible, and in accordance with divine intention, and it rests with us all to yield most earnest co-operation.

Nay, more: I am mistaken, if the era be not approaching, when we will need all the light, all the wisdom, all the charity, patience, and united effort that the spirit world can impress upon us, to stem the recurring wave of darkness and superstition that some of the worldly powers and some benighted minds would be willing should engulf our fair land. Truth and knowledge will ever be our Saviors, and for these may we all join in most earnest effort. Yours truly, J. G. J.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Northern Wisconsin convened in Spiritual Hall, Omro, as per notice. A goodly number present. President Potter in chair. The meeting called to order at 3 o'clock p. m. Friday, June 25. The Secretary being absent, Dr. J. C. Phillips was chosen *pro tem*. The various committees appointed and balance of the afternoon spent in conference, participated in by many of the friends.

FRIDAY EVENING—Meeting opened by inspirational song by Mrs. Olive Smith, followed by lecture by Mrs. A. H. Colby, (the only engaged speaker), and, by the way, all that is necessary to make any meeting a success. Any one having theological corns wants to get them out of the way when Mrs. Colby takes the rostrum. The lecture this evening was replete with truths. Session closed by song from Mrs. Smith. Adjourned till Saturday morning, at 9 a. m.

SATURDAY A. M.—Conference, in which Bros. Platt, Bishop, Potter and Gilbert took an active part. Many thoughts elicited. Song by Mrs. Smith. Lecture by Mrs. Colby: "How to Educate Children," being the subject, and I assure you there were many novel ideas advanced by the speaker, among which was the following assertion: "You cannot learn children only by evolution. They grow the same as trees. They are but photos of ante-natal conditions." It was a fine effort and well received by a thinking and appreciative audience. Session closed by song.

TWO O'CLOCK P. M.—The train brought the old war horse and indefatigable worker, E. V. Wilson, who came all the way from Chicago to see how the child resurrected by him two years ago (our association) was prospering, and if we can judge by the hearty hand shakings he received, he certainly was welcome. There being no regular lecture for the afternoon, Bro. Wilson took the rostrum and gave a close and concise history of Spiritualism. Adjourned till evening.

SATURDAY EVENING—The meeting opened by a song from Mrs. Smith. Lecture by Mrs. Colby, after which a great portion of the audience engaged in tripping "the light fantastic toe."

SUNDAY MORNING—A heavy rain set in (which would have disheartened any but Spiritualists) continuing till nearly 11 o'clock. The programme for the morning was a session of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum;" and right here let me ask how many Lyceums are there at the present time that have been in being seven years? The children did credit to themselves and their efficient guardian, Mrs. Laura Jones. The audience was well pleased at witnessing the Lyceum exercises. Mrs. Colby and E. V. Wilson made some very flattering remarks, and gave the children much fine advice, which no doubt will tend to make them better men and women. Adjourned for dinner.

Immediately after dinner the convention proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, with the following result: Bro. Isaac Orvis, of Oakfield, President; Mrs. F. E. Smith, of Neenah, Vice President; Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Omro, Secretary. Next meeting to be held in Oakfield. At 3 o'clock, E. V. Wilson gave one of his interesting matinees, giving incidents in the lives of those present, describing spirits, etc. Audience well pleased.

Another important and never-to-be-forgotten feature of the convention was Mrs. E. Parrey, the wonderful materializing medium, of Chicago, who attended the meeting and gave her se-

ances at a private house, to the astonishment and wonder of those who attended, many being willing to testify to having seen their friends (called dead) beyond the peradventure of a doubt. But I need not tell you that this vicinity was never so stirred on any subject as this materialization. It will be useless for any to try to make the friends here believe Mrs. Parrey is not a genuine medium.

SUNDAY EVENING—Song by Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Colby then gave the closing lecture to an audience of at least four hundred persons. The showing up of the old and wise men of the Bible, but she held the audience spell-bound for one hour and three-quarters. The convention then broke up, all the friends saying it was the best meeting they ever attended.

ISAAC ORVIS, Prest.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

From the New York Horticulturist for March. A VISIT TO THOMAS HORN BROOK'S PLACE, NEAR WHEELING.

A TRUE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

The city of Wheeling, West Virginia, possesses a lover of rural refinement who delights in all kinds of floral and rural oddities, prompted by generous good nature and love of gardening. We have lately heard something about him which leads us to bring him forward to public notice, and give him full credit for a lifetime spent in the encouragement of home ornament. We refer to Mr. Thomas Hornbrook. In the parlors of a friend, there bloomed, one day the past fall, three immense bouquets, a present from Mr. Hornbrook. The largest was composed almost entirely of magnificent Tuberoses in full bloom, in the very fullness of their beauty and fragrance. This bouquet stood about three feet in height, and was surmounted by a wreath of smilax. The other two bouquets were almost equal in size to the first, and were composed of liliput bouquet, dahlias, gladiolus, salvia, tritomas, red, white and purple dahlias, and Japanese honey-suckles. The floral pyramids were crowned with the most beautiful specimens of the coxcomb, and the vases were set among coleus or foliage plants of the richest and most varied hues.

Mr. Hornbrook's property, where he has spent twenty years of intelligent effort, is about four and a half miles out of the city. It contains fifty acres, laid out with two entrances, and avenues which in extent reach full a mile. One of the avenues is thirty-six feet broad, lined with an esplanade of many different kinds of trees, vines, etc., and are, in their season, superb reaches of bloom, fragrance and shade. Various places give splendid opening for glimpses of beautiful scenery, and throughout the drives it is constantly bordered with specimens of the best of evergreens and ornamental trees.

Mr. Hornbrook is interested in four specialties, viz.: *Evergreens*, of which he has forty-eight varieties; *Magnolias*, ten varieties, viz.: *grandiflora*, *glauca*, *tripetala*, *umbrella*, *macrophylla*, *acuminata*, *auriculata*, *conspicua*, *purpurea*.

Pear trees are represented by a list of 2,000 trees, and *Roses* of nearly 400 varieties. The principal evergreens are from 38 to 45 feet in height, and comprise the red cedar, heath-leaved cypress, Lawson cypress, cedar of Lebanon, and the usual assortment of spruces, firs and pines, best cultivated sorts. Of the maples, Mr. Hornbrook is especially fond, and takes great pride in large, noble specimens of Norway, sugar, sycamore and silver maples. Flowers are in abundance, vines, shrubs and garden fruits.

His place is one of great resort for visitors from the city, and one special feature is the welcome given to every one. Numerous finger boards are placed at intervals, with directions where to go and see the things most worthy of observation, and how to conduct themselves while on the premises. The following are some of the inscriptions copied from the same:

(Fronting the pike.) "Thomas Hornbrook's place. Ladies and gentlemen are welcome." "A Good spring of cool water for thirsty souls."

"Don't stone the birds or destroy their nests."

"Avenue to top of the mound. Drive up."

"Hitch your horse here, if you wish to promenade and do your courting. There are many quiet little walks, and shady, retired nooks exceedingly convenient for such pleasant business."

"Ladies and gentlemen, when you call to see my place don't think that you are under any obligations to call on the proprietor."

(On top of the mound.) "Well 70 feet deep, containing 30 feet of water."

On the principal eminence is a place naturally suited for a magnificent residence, but with a humor peculiar to himself, he informs visitors, by means of one of his finger boards, that he has now given up the idea of erecting an "earthly mansion," and intends securing a more permanent one in heaven. In the meantime his residence in the midst of his garden, will do till the other is ready.

The cleanliness, tidiness and thrift of the place are everywhere noticeable. Every year he goes out early in the spring, as soon as the weather will permit, and at the head of eight or ten men works early and late until the grounds are in thorough order. His humor, quaintness and peculiar habits have made him celebrated in the vicinity, and, as we read of him, recall stories of the old country squires, few of whom are left to bless society.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR ADVERTISING TERMS.

To all whom it may concern: WHEREAS, our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, now has over seventeen hundred subscribers, and increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty each month, through our own personal efforts; THEREFORE, we now inform our friends that only two columns of our paper, on the seventh, page, will be open for advertisements, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion under thirteen numbers, for advertisements containing ten lines and over. For all advertisements under ten lines, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion, payment invariably in advance. All matter for advertising must be directed to Hazlitt & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street, Chicago. No notice will be taken of advertisements not accompanied with the money.

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Business, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 415 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

J. V. MANSFIELD,

Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and 4 three-cent postage stamps. Register your letters.

MRS. REBECCA MESSENGER,

104 Spring street, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., (box 1071), Clairvoyant. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1; with prescription, \$1.50; Reading Destiny, 1 hour \$1; by letter, \$1.50. Send age, sex, and money, to insure notice.

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JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, OF OMRO, WIS.,

The distinguished Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, examines by lock of hair, autograph or photograph; gives advice in regard to business. Those contemplating marriage, and the inharmonious, will do well to consult the Dr., giving age and sex. Brief delineations, \$2; full delineations, with prescription, \$3. Medicine sent by express, if desired.

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SARAH L. HENDRICK, Prop.

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BY JOHN WILLCOX.

We have on hand a number of books of the above title, covers damaged by smoke and water, reading matter in good condition, which we will send, postage paid, on receipt of Fifty cents; original price, \$1.50. HAZLITT & REED, 172 & 174 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

BY MARY J. BILLINGS.

Catch the sunshine while it lasts,
And let it radiate your path;
If clouds sometimes obscure the sky,
Cheerfully, cheerfully pass them by.

Catch the sunshine while you may,
Let no clouds cause you to say,
So black a night will never pass,
Or wish that you were dead; alas.

Catch the sunshine in your heart,
Sunshine and cloud both have a part
In every life. Oh God, how blest
Whose faith in Thee will let them rest.

Catch the sunshine in the morn,
Ere noon perhaps there'll be a storm;
And if, perchance, it shines all day,
Canst garner to thy soul its ray.

Catch the sunshine; Oh, how grand
A thing is life! Life that expands
In human love to such as need
Sympathy to heal a heart that bleeds.

Catch the sunshine. Oh, how true,
It drinks in love all human dew,
And scatters to the winds afar
Heavenly blessings on the air.

Catch the sunshine while it plays
Around your heart in cheerful rays;
Let not distrust mar a part
Of God's own gift, a cheerful heart.

Catch the sunshine, till the last
Of earthly work with thee is past;
A brighter sphere, no clouds or rain,
Will be your home, and free from pain.

Chicago, Aug. 4, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

"I WISH I WAS A MAN."

BY MRS. L. E. BAILEY.

Little Lydia, a young miss of nine years, came bounding into our room the other day, (where we were seated with company,) all dressed up in mamma's trailing gown, and various other articles of wear which make up a woman's outfit and attire. For some moments she stood, silently gazing into a large mirror, a look of unconcealed joy and satisfaction resting upon her childish face as she complacently viewed the apparent transfiguration; then, with a haughty tread and assumed dignity of manner, she sallied forth to pay a morning call to Miss Libbie W—n, who resides over the way, and who doubtless would receive her distinguished guest with all honor and due deference, which the occasion demanded—a woman's full dress!

We turned toward our caller, who, by the way, chanced to be a man, with this apology and explanation, "It's so nice to be a woman." Yet, scarcely had we uttered the thought ere we reflected how only a few brief years would sadly change the girl-dreams of our darling's bright anticipations. Perchance, ere ten years more should quickly elapse; and meanwhile she had donned the much coveted long dress for life, and the artless child had suddenly developed into womanhood, matured in heart and purpose as in outward semblance; would not the same rosy lips poutingly exclaim, "I wish I were a man!"

Hardly one, if any, of the many women who may chance to read these lines have not heard this ejaculation from their sisters' lips, or uttered it themselves unawares. Surely there is some great mistake in the law of our nature, or fatal error imbibed in our subsequent education, that a few short years should thus dispel the earnest, longing hope of all our early years, and the peerless diadem of resplendent womanhood sit upon fair yet weary brows, like unto a crown of thorns.

For ourselves, we would only state that the position has not seemed to us a very enviable one, and although at times, when life's burdens seemed too heavy to be longer borne, we have earnestly desired that the peaceful rest of death might be ours, but never once can we remember to have wished we were a man.

Women wish that they were men, not because they deem their relative or individual worth superior to or beyond that of their own sex, but as the means of possessing the privileges and advantages that position could give them. Now she tells us, "If I were a man," how she would like to travel, go to Europe, or roam the world around, that she might gather from past ages, as from the improvements of the present, all her soul's grandest actualizations, and thereby quench the burning mental thirst for acquiring wisdom and knowledge. Gleaning strength, happiness, and inspiration, consequent on the change of scenery and climate, as also a lasting resource of wealth, both of mind and soul, by the culture acquired through coming in contact with different distinguished individuals and nationalities.

But being only a woman, she is compelled through force of circumstances to spend pretty much all her days just where she was born, unless she is so fortunate (?) as to unite her destiny with that of some "lord of creation," then she may go, perhaps, when and where he chooses to let her, providing he goes along to protect her!

Strange as it may seem to you, dear reader, I confess to have known not a few cases in my life where protection from this same supercilious authority would be about the most blessed act which could be brought about. Very many women have great ability for acquiring wealth had they the control of their own movements, while some men have none at all.

If she were a man, why she would straightway become a Wall st. banker and broker, but as she is only a woman, she must not disgrace that sex by doing business as men do. Then, a large number of women possess a capacity and taste for following a professional life, and have obtained an education whereby they are fitted for such callings, but as they have so many competitors who are men, and they meet with so little sympathy and encouragement from either sex, they retire gracefully from the field.

It is too true that the wish "I were a man," is the almost universal cry of unrest and dissatisfaction, coming from woman's heart. And why is this? First, a false condition of society and superficial customs have given unto man unbounded liberties, while at the same time it has placed over woman as unjust restrictions. Man has, therefore, used and pursued his claims as "inherent rights," and he is therefore more to be pitied for his weakness and ignorance than blamed for intentional wrong.

It is, however, far from our purpose to depreciate the sex; we know that there are many brave, true, and honest among men; we respect and appreciate all real worth, whenever found, and this we have found in many instances in the above-named sex; therefore, our remarks are intended in a special, not general sense, and more, we are frank to acknowledge that we honor, love, and implicitly believe in at least one of them.

But men have, in too many instances, proved themselves traitors to woman's feelings; her high and holy sense of right, her love of justice and truth, that her finer sensibilities have been most cruelly shocked, her pride wounded, and all her nature wantonly abused, until in the very helplessness of her condition, and despair, the cry escapes from her bruised and broken heart, "I wish I were a man!"

How many pure minded women have given, innocently, trustingly, the fair jewels of her mind, heart, and loving nature unto man; but they have been carelessly trodden upon and crushed like "pearls cast before swine." She realizes all too soon that beauty, youth, health, and wealth of soul have vanished, never to return, and the dreary despondency of a living death settles upon her care-worn brow.

When men can more generally come to fully comprehend woman's nature, understand correctly her wants and needs, appreciate and regard her wishes, never once obtruding himself undesired by her, upon the sanctuary of her inner soul life, then shall they mutually aid, benefit, and bless each other; and childhood's innocent anticipations of a joyous womanhood be realized, and women cease to wish that they were men, but express in every word, look and act of their lives the unuttered thought of the child, that "it is well to be a woman!"

Battle Creek, July 25.

Subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the best Spiritual paper in the world, of its size. Come, help sustain it.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
TRIFLES.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Webster defines trifles as "things of little or no importance." Is there anything in nature valueless, or of no importance? I answer emphatically, no! From the animalculæ which our material senses cannot discern, up to man, the grand culmination from all below, all are valuable in the beautiful economy of nature. Each seed sown by the farmer in the spring would, to the careless observer, seem, in and of itself, a mere trifle, yet in one little seed how much is contained; and when many seeds are sown, and the conditions of Mother Nature complied with, a bountiful harvest is the result,—the trifling seed becomes a power of good to the producer as well as to the consumer.

The little rivulets, dancing along through sunshine and shade, seem of trifling consequence, but to the clear, rapid river they are producers, and when merged in the broad, deep ocean we read in its gospel, beauty, sublimity, and grandeur. The young sapling, to the schoolboy with his hatchet, seems but a trifle to be toyed with, a thing to be hacked down, to be trampled under foot; but in his maturer years he realizes that the sapling is of importance, and has a mission to fill; and when age and strength have been added to it, it becomes a tree, whose cooling umbrage shall comfort those who walk the dusty highways of life with tired, aching feet.

Not an atom, leaf, twig, or tree can be called a trifle, or can be lost, for nature in her economy, knows no waste. In her chemical laboratory she changes forms, produces life from seeming death, and from the debris of autumn she sends forth in coming time the golden sheaves of grain, the rich, ripe fruit, and the sweet scented flower, that cheers and makes glad the hearts and homes of enduring humanity.

When, in the humble home of the Foxes, in Hydesville, the tiny rap was first heard, it was considered by the ignorant a mere trifle, a thing of no importance. Not so thought the evangelists Margaret and Katie; to them there was a power in the rap which would "not down," an intelligence was behind the rap which was to startle the whole world, and bring about a mighty revolution of thought. From the little rap of twenty-six years ago, what gigantic strides have been made in the march of mind. How much ignorance and superstition have been removed, and how much light and knowledge have been derived through the raps. Who can estimate the good, the comfort, and the complete satisfaction that the rap has given to mourners all over the land? None but those who have experienced the joy at the return of the so-called dead, through the raps, tips, or through some of the many various manifestations born of the tiny rap. What a free, full tide of gratitude do thousands feel toward the Spiritual world for unlocking the iron doors of unbelief and letting in the warm sunlight of inspiration and liberty of thought. How many to-day are glorifying humanity by standing upon the summit of Use, and ministering to those who are yet in the valley of ignorance.

Nature is significant in everything, and has a use for everything; she calls nothing common, she aggregates to herself such elements as she needs for the unfoldment of her products, she changes and clothes anew, and thus she is ever changing, yet ever the same good Mother Nature, allowing no vacuum in her broad domain, or knowing no trifles in her beautiful, provident economy.

Adrian, July 28.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Orchard, Ia., Mrs. L. T.: \$1 received; your subscription closes No. 23, Vol. 2.

Louisville, Ky., S. P. F.: Your letter received, correction made.

Rockford, Mich., James Dockery: \$2.20 received; credited as requested. We will publish your letter in regard to Mrs. P.

Melvorn, Kan., T. B.: Money received; \$1 for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Book sent.

South Ridge, O., J. H.: \$1.10 received. Well may you like it.

New Haven, Conn., Mrs. C. L. B.: Change made.

Hopedale, Mass., Richard Walker: We send you twenty-six papers No. 25.

Osage Mission, Kan., N. VanD.: \$1 received. Our subscribers will please remember that

there is ten cents postage on our paper each year.

Jamestown, N.Y., C. E. B.: 60 cents received, credit given. We quote from this subscriber: "THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is a very busy worker here, among a little band of earnest workers in the field of Progression. It is doing its work boldly, manfully, fighting the good fight of faith with good works. May good angels prosper you."

Marion, O., C. B.: Wrote you to-day, the 29th ult.

North Amherst, O., Mrs. S. S.: \$1.20 received, you are right. Paper sent to E. C. F.

Lockport, Ill., Mrs. M. C. writes: "I send you one new subscriber for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, will try and get others, for I feel that it should be sustained, for it meets the demands of the people, and well I know it is in the hands of true and noble workers for the good of humanity. Long may you both live, that thereby humanity may be blest; yet full well I know that when you change condition, passing through what is called death, your work will go on, for there as here you will be united with a band of workers." True, sister, and we know the band to be true, faithful, and brave.

Fremont, Ind., J. P. W.: \$1.50 received, book sent the 29th ult. Thanks; please take our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Westfield, N. Y., E. L. B.: Letter received, contents noted, wish complied with. 55 cents received, paper sent.

Bloomfield, Mo., Mrs. M. A. B.: Your letter received, contents noted, \$1 credited. Will publish your letter. Was your husband's name Moses B.? Please answer. Accept thanks.

Louisville, Ky., S. P. Foulk: Your paper is sent to 178 Franklin st.; the one to the Gasworks is stopped.

Virginia City, Nev., Mrs. P. W. S.: Your paper has been changed from Sacramento, Cal., to Virginia City, Nev. The names you sent, Pollock and Panfoe, were sent commencing with No. 22, Vol. 1. Let us hear from you often.

Champaign, Ill., Mrs. E. Y.: \$1.10 received. This Sister writes: "Your solicitation for aid in extending the circulation of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is just and right. You have been true to humanity and our cause in sending forth Spiritual food to all who are willing to investigate and become wise in the knowledge of the truth that pertains to a true life here and hereafter."

Andover, O., S. S. D. writes: "I send you \$1 for E. M. H. and 50 cents for self. I am poor, but I must have Spiritual food. Let us keep the ball rolling."

Greenville, Ill., Wm. M. E.: \$2 received, paper sent. Thanks for help and words of cheer.

Franklin, N. Y., G. W. C. writes: "Enclosed find 50 cents for D. W. F. I am doing what I can to circulate THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK."

Charlotteville, N. Y., G. V. C.: Sent \$1.10, and other business items we wish to keep. On the same sheet of paper you have written a communication in poetry for publication. This is all wrong; never write a business item on the paper on which there is matter for publication, one or the other is worthless. If we publish the matter we lose the business item, and if we save the item we lose the matter; and then comes the cry or demand, "Why don't you publish my article?" Again, don't be stingy in the use of paper. We have before us several letters written on pieces of paper, two inches wide and four inches long, letters that need to be filed away for keeping. Such things are too small. Use more paper.

Gowanda, N. Y., J. P.: 60 cents received; credit given.

There are many other letters remaining over. We shall notice our exchanges in our next.

Estimate actions not by their overt results merely, but by the real though latent power that is implied in them, and the most brilliant deeds of outward heroism fall far short of those quiet victories over self, to which the Omniscient eye alone is witness.

EVERGREEN COTTAGE.

Three miles south of Lombard, Home of Milo and Isa Wilson Porter, who will now give notice of Circles for Spiritual Phenomena of various Phases through Isa, which they will hold Tuesday of each week till further notice. Friends from a distance wishing to make special arrangements for sittings, can do so by addressing, Milo Porter, Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill.

Earnest seekers for truth, avail yourselves of this opportunity to investigate; and especially do we call your attention to Isa's Spiritual power of singing and speaking in different languages, and trust that those who can test this power will do so; as truth is what we are all seeking for.